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THE CRIMSON HANDKERCHIEF

And Other Stories

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# THE CRIMSON HANDKERCHIEF

And Other Stories

by

COMTE DE GOBINEAU

Translated from the French by Henry Longan Stuart



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## INTRODUCTION

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WHEN Comte de Gobineau died in 1882, at the age of sixty-six, he was known to the world of fashion and diplomacy as a brilliant talker, and an impenitent monarchist, who had, nevertheless, achieved a distinguished diplomatic career under the Second Republic, the Second Empire, and the Third Republic. Alexis de Tocqueville, who nominated him to his first post at Berne in 1849, and Prosper Mérimée, the one important man of letters who was his close friend, knew better, but the majority of those who came in contact with him would have been astonished to learn that Gobineau was a poet, a novelist, a sociologist, a philologist, and a sculptor. He never spoke of either his imaginative or his scholarly writings in the Paris salons, and Anatole France, who met him at the Princess Mathilde's salon a few years before he died, never suspected that he was in the presence of one of the most original figures in modern French literature.

Gobineau's posthumous fame, which has been growing as successive out-of-print and rare copies of his various works have been reissued, is largely due to the fact that in the last years of his life, after his retirement from the diplomatic service, he

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became a friend of Wagner's. The two men met in Rome in 1876 and were at once attracted to each other by their common belief in the racial theory which Gobineau called 'Aryanism,' and which is now more popularly known as the doctrine of 'Nordic supremacy.' Gobineau's anticipation of Nietzsche's superman, and the essentially undemocratic nature of his famous *Essay on the Inequality of the Human Races*, exasperated Tocqueville, and were a barrier to his success with the élite of his own time in France. In Germany he was hailed as a kindred spirit by the Nietzscheans and the Wagnerians, and from Germany his fame gradually penetrated into France.

Under Nietzschean auspices an effort was made to acclimatize him in English shortly before the World War, but the discredit into which all things fell which savoured of Nietzsche and Pangermanism, effectively checked whatever progress the *Essay* and *The Renaissance* might have made. Nobody knew or remembered that the first translation of the former work into English was made by an admirer in Philadelphia in 1856, one year after its completion in France, and that a novel, *Typhaines Abbey*, and a volume of short stories, recently republished as *Five Oriental Tales*, were

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translated and published in America during Gobineau's lifetime. In France his name began to reappear at the beginning of this century, after the founding of the Gobineau Society at Strasburg in 1894, where the author's manuscripts and unpublished remains were under the care of the devoted *Gobiniste*, Ludwig Schemann, until 1921, when the copyrights were ceded to Gobineau's second daughter. Since the War his books are being systematically reissued.

Of his scholarly works it is unnecessary to say anything here, save that they range from history, travel, and ethnography to treatises on the cuneiform inscriptions. His official life was varied, for he held posts at Berne, Hanover, Frankfort, Teheran, Athens, Rio de Janeiro, and Stockholm, and even investigated the fishing boundaries of Newfoundland. Brazil did not inspire him, a born psychologist, who was more interested in human beings than in what he called the 'unpublished landscapes' of a country without a history. But the genesis of his best stories will always be found in the volumes of his travel impressions. The types and incidents which stirred his imagination in *Five Oriental Tales* exist in embryo in *Trois Ans en Asie*, just as *The Caribou Hunt* in the present

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work could not have been written by any other than the author of *Voyage à Terre-Neuve*.

Characteristic, in this connection, is the fact that *The Crimson Handkerchief and Other Stories* bears in French the unpromising title of *Souvenirs de Voyage: Céphalonie, Naxie et Terre-Neuve*. Evidently, having worked out his racial and social theories concerning the places he visited, Gobineau felt that the imaginative reconstruction of his material was equally a 'recollection of travel.' Learned commentators, notably Baron Ernest Seillière, earliest and greatest of modern French *Gobinistes*, have traced the connection between Gobineau the scholar and theorist and Gobineau the story-teller and psychologist. The thread of his doctrine of Aryanism, wavering and strained at times, it is true, is shown to run through all his writings.

It is not necessary, however, to dwell upon Gobineau's racial philosophy in order to appreciate the charm of such stories as are collected in this volume and in *Five Oriental Tales*, which are regarded by common consent as the finest of his purely imaginative writings. Himself an early admirer of Stendhal, Gobineau as a writer of fiction inevitably suggests a comparison with his then

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obscure but now more famous contemporary. His novel *Les Pléiades* has been described as a pendant to *La Chartreuse de Parme*, and there is a true Stendhalian flavour to *The Crimson Handkerchief* and *A Daughter of Priam*. If Gobineau had not laboured under the shadow of what we learned to call vaguely Pangermanism, his fiction might already have earned for him the reputation which he has not ceased to enjoy at the hands of a considerable minority.

Writing in the *Figaro* a couple of years ago, à propos of the reissue of Gobineau's works, Ernest Seillière said: 'Reading these writings which have been restored to circulation has made me a more confirmed *Gobiniste* than I was well nigh twenty years ago. Then I was on the defensive, as was natural in view of the advocates who recommended him to us. But to-day the nightmare of Pangermanism no longer oppresses the world, and Gobineau's works reacquire their true value in the perspective of the last century. . . . I long since did full justice to his works of imagination, *Five Oriental Tales*, *The Pleiads*, and the stories called *The Crimson Handkerchief and Other Stories*, the last-mentioned being, in my opinion, the finest of his achievements. . . . It is easy to understand why

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they should call to mind the name of Stendhal, although I hold that Sandeau and Balzac are rather their godparents.'

It so happens that the only study of Anglo-Americans by Gobineau is in the last story in the present volume, *The Caribou Hunt*, where the author contrasts Charles Cabert to his disadvantage with the Barton and Harrison families. Whether one sees in Gobineau a Stendhalian or a Balzacian, or compares him with his friend Mérimée, with whom he presents many analogies, one cannot fail to see in him a short story writer of original charm and power. He is free from the factitious romanticism of Loti, his only rival in the description of Eastern scenes and customs, and he has all the freshness and genuine romantic glamour of Chateaubriand, or Bernardin de Saint Pierre, but none of the latter's mawkishness. No better indication of his narrative power could be found than the three striking tales here offered.

ERNEST BOYD.

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# THE CRIMSON HANDKERCHIEF



## THE CRIMSON HANDKERCHIEF

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CEPHALONIA is a charming island. I might remind you of what Homer has said about it. But as the hero of the Odyssey has nothing whatever to do with Sophia, I see no reason to give the opinion of its author. At one period the Venetians made themselves masters of the place after their thorough-going fashion. They brought their laws with them and left their manners behind, these last so firmly implanted that they have survived the dominion of Saint Mark. As you walk down the principal street of Argostoli you cannot but be struck by the number of Palladian mansions, reproduced at fifth or sixth hand by some 'prentice architect who knew his job. The arcades have not the majesty of those arched galleries which open upon the ground floor of the Mocenigo or Vanier palaces. The great windows, festooned with massive garlands, somehow miss the sumptuous air of their models on the Grand Canal. The houses you are contemplating are neither very high nor very deep, seldom possessing more than a single story above the street. Nevertheless, from the whole, a souvenir reaches you, authentic and vivid, even though slightly diminished in scale, of the ancient queen of the Adriatic.

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At right angles to the street which I have just described, and whose rough cobbles are ribbed, Italian-wise, with two rows of flat pavement, alleys open off, narrow, dark, and winding – mysterious byways that are not less characteristic than the wide, straight thoroughfare from which they lead. For if the latter stands a symbol of Italian elegance – Italian gaiety, the former no less feature its intrigue and perilous reserve.

Fronting the main street and making the corner of one of these narrow lanes, stands a mansion which is one of the finest in the town. It belongs to-day, as it has always belonged, to the family of the Counts of Lanza, one of the most illustrious of the island. When I say illustrious, I do not imply that it is ancient. Everything in this old country is of comparatively recent date.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century a certain Michael Lanza, the founder of his race, was ennobled by a decree of the Grand Council, and even created a Chevalier of St. Mark. From him sprang a long and persistent line of doctors in law and doctors of medicine who dubbed themselves for all time Counts Lanza, who made money, distinguished themselves by sordid avarice, lent their capital at heavy interest to the overawed townsmen,

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artisans, and peasants, and took rank, by common agreement, among the five or six families of the island who are never mentioned without rich respect.

As long as the Republic lasted, these titled physicians and lawyers always had their seat at the table of the *provedditori*. The commanders of the galleys were proud to welcome them to their regattas. No faro party in good society was complete without them. As for themselves, never, in the memory of man, had they been known to offer a glass of water to anyone of any condition whatsoever. Their reputation as prudent and circumspect patricians grew immeasurably in consequence.

A time came when the last of the doges doffed his gilded mitre and when the Ionian Islands really did not quite know to whom they belonged. It was now that Count Jerome Lanza became a focus for the hopes and fears of his compatriots. Every eye was turned to him, anxious to see what he would do. The distracted community hung upon his advice. And they were not disappointed.

His forehead was grave, his lips pursed together; he had a trick of throwing up his head that was impressive and suggestive. He was devoted to the French interest, very devoted to the Russian, most

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of all devoted to the English. He was always frank in admitting that the régime which had just disappeared was a disastrous one, and most happily superseded. The successive powers all considered him as a most reliable man and an excellent citizen. He had received the Cross of the Legion of Honour from Napoleon; to the personal esteem of the Emperor Alexander he owed his decoration of the Cross of St. Anne. King George considered he was bestowing new lustre upon the Order of the Bath by offering it to him. He accepted each one as it came, with manly modesty. His habits were simple. He was fond of walking abroad in threadbare black, a cravat none too freshly laundered round his neck, sometimes, faithful to easy-going Italian fashion, in slippers, and never in any case with the ribbons of his orders displayed in his buttonhole. His neighbours took this last in particularly good part.

At the bottom of Count Jerome Lanza's heart strong passions lurked. Seemingly indifferent to the affairs of others, he was far from careless where his own interests, his own pleasures, and his own affections were concerned. A few weeks after his return from the University of Padua, where he had received his degree and licentiate to practise law, he had happened, while calling at the house of a

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cousin, to meet a certain Contessa Palazzi, recently married. The first sight of the young bride impressed him strangely. It was, in fact, the famous 'thunderbolt' concerning which those who specialize in love have so much to tell us. Lanza, at the epoch of which we are speaking, was a very agreeable man. He spoke well, sang with natural taste rather than art; in short, was designed to please, and did not fail. By the time a year had passed and Madame Palazzi had brought her first-born son into the world, he had become the intimate friend of the husband, definitely inducted into all the rights, duties, prerogatives, enjoyments, immunities, and privileges of a position that was to last until the end of his life.

In this phase of his existence, at least, he gave evidence of a devotion surpassing the common of men and lovers. He never married — on two occasions he paid Palazzi's debts in full. That inconstant husband, indeed, suffered himself twice to be led astray from the path of marital duty, first by an opera singer, again by a certain Miss Julia Boyle, who arrived in Cephalonia on the same vessel as the regimental headquarters of the 84th Highlanders, an extraordinary coincidence somehow connected with family misfortune. Such, at least, was the

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explanation offered to poor Denis Palazzi, who never doubted the merits or virtue of his Julia until an encounter with a lady from Paris, by whom his education was sensibly advanced, opened his eyes.

On both these occasions Jerome Lanza gave proof of a kindness and patience equalled only by his generosity. Far from losing his temper with his friend, he even made himself responsible for the upbringing of the eldest son, Spiridion, a charming young man who, as time went on, was to become the standing ornament of the principal café of Argostoli, from which he never budged and where he might be found at any hour of the day seated behind a cup of coffee or a glass of iced water.

The favourite and darling of Count Lanza, however, was Sophia Palazzi, two years younger than her brother. It was common knowledge in the town that if her godfather had never married, she was the cause. She was universally admitted to be his eventual heiress, a fact that by no means diminished the lustre of her attraction in the eyes of reasonable *partis*.

The mother of this young paragon, Madame Palazzi, had once been a very beautiful woman — a little inclined to plumpness, a little heavily built, but with those fawnlike eyes which are gentle rather



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than lively, and lively rather than intelligent. It is precisely these things which, in the opinion of the East, constitute great beauty. Jerome's taste met with general approval, and the bond that united the two lovers seemed to be of the happiest description. Yet evil tongues were not lacking which whispered that even this calm atmosphere had not been spared the clouds that shadow other lives. After long years of a perfect and reciprocal passion, certain facts had come to light. They were commented upon with the utmost reserve and, stripped of exaggeration, may be reduced more or less to the following story.

In the year 1825, a young man who had just finished his education abroad returned to the island. He was a very handsome youth indeed, and was known as Count Tsalla. The reader of this history must not be surprised to meet so many counts. The Venetians have sown the title broadcast over the Ionian Islands.

Count Cæsar had been formed in that amiable female society from which travelling strangers, at La Grande Chaumière and elsewhere, find so ready a welcome. His successes in this susceptible world had been neither few nor undistinguished, and he had conceived an excellent opinion of himself.

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Madame Palazzi struck him as altogether charming and he saw no good reason to hide the fact from her. The more glum Jerome Lanza grew, the more pressing his suit became. Madame Palazzi blushed a little deeper at each meeting. Was it pleasure on the lady's part? — or merely impatience? Trouble seemed to lie ahead of the household. Its titular head was beginning to look a little askance at this new acquaintance of his wife, when suddenly something happened. Without either how or wherefore, handsome Cæsar disappeared.

Surprise was general. The Venetians were a prudent and circumspect folk, and the descendants of their old-time subjects copy their reserve faithfully. There was a good deal of underhand talk, but no one judged it expedient to question Jerome Lanza, whose face had resumed its accustomed serenity. The common report was that Count Tsalla had departed for St. Petersburg and had enlisted in the Chevalier Guards. The news, when it was conveyed to Palazzi, made him laugh heartily. He made so merry upon the subject, indeed, that suspicion revived. It grew stronger when it became known that one Apostalaki, a formidable rascal whose profession seemed limited to accompanying

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Jerome in his walks from a civil distance, eating his meals in the Lanza kitchen, and sleeping in the Lanza courtyard, was boasting of having pulled off a famous stroke, all the cleverer because no one guessed what it was. Letters arrived from St. Petersburg. To those interested they brought the news that the name of Count Cæsar was not to be found on the regimental rolls of the Chevalier Guards – for the very good reason that he had never appeared in the Russian capital at all. Gossip among the Cephalonians became so general that it finally reached British ears. Lanza, like other great men, did not lack for secret enemies. To make a long story short, the count was invited one fine morning to visit the British High Commissioner for a little heart-to-heart talk.

Western Europeans, in matters of business, indulge in a precision that appears extremely ridiculous, unmannerly, and repellent to the peoples of the East, who are aware that nothing can be more disagreeable than indiscreet questions. Nevertheless, Count Jerome was a match for the insistence of the British general. He repelled, with the indignation natural to a man of his birth and breeding, the odious suspicions cast upon his conduct. He demanded to be confronted with proofs, which,

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indeed, were absent. He spoke with emotion of his life, devoted to good works. He recalled, with some tact, many instances of his entire devotion to the throne of Great Britain and Ireland. His speech concluded with a brilliant peroration in which he pointed out to his grave questioner that those who were striving to blacken his reputation belonged to a detestable party of anarchists and demagogues which infested all Europe, and whose intentions in the Ionian Islands were obviously to undermine the authority of the Lord High Commissioner.

The British official may possibly have been convinced by this cry from the heart of an honourable and calumniated man. It is more probable that, in the absence of proof, he was overcome by the mere volume of his declamation, pathos, and indignation. In any case, he closed the interview by shaking the count warmly by the hand and inviting him to dinner that night. Jerome displayed a magnanimity that won all hearts. He made a present of ten thalaris to a distant female relative of Count Cæsar, whose condition was very miserable. The exact fate of the too amiable young man remained a mystery. Countess Palazzi, no less serene than before, began to put on weight. She grew very fat in a few years. Her imperturbable attachment for

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Count Lanza persisted. It was mingled (so at last said rumour) with a little fear.

By 1835 the lady's charms, submerged under the embonpoint of an exuberant health, no longer existed save in the happy memories of her faithful lover. But Sophia was adorable. No antique Venus was ever more perfectly modelled. She had her mother's eyes, with a smouldering fire which they lacked, an extreme composure behind which something cryptic seemed to be hidden, an aquiline nose that became rather too curved in later years but whose nobility was undeniable, feet and hands that were a miracle of smallness, and teeth like twin rows of pearl. Her mother approved her languidly. Palazzi could refuse nothing and borrowed money from Jerome to gratify her whims. As for the godfather himself, for hours at a stretch he seemed content to contemplate this divinity, lost in a species of ecstatic adoration.

His felicity seemed predestined to last indefinitely, when it was disturbed by an unforeseen accident. All the good society of Argostoli, including the officers of the British garrison, met at the Palazzi house. There was a whist party every night, and the younger people danced. Sometimes there were games, of the innocent sort that involve a

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certain amount of whispering in the ear, and the winter seldom closed without a number of marriages.

On one memorable evening Jerome appeared to be in particularly good humour, almost gay. He had just advanced a month's pay to three young lieutenants. It was already the 24th, and his own kindness gave him a natural pleasure. As the garrison was aware, he did these little things very often. Everyone profited by them, himself not the least. In short, he was feeling in unusually expansive mood when his glance happened to fall upon a group of young people, one of whom seemed to be looking at his cherished Sophia with a certain intensity in his regard.

This young man was tall, slight, and distinguished. Under any circumstances the tender preoccupation which his eyes were betraying would have put Lanza on his guard. But suddenly the count grew pale, his thin lips drew to a line, something like a cloud passed across his brow.

'Who is that charming young man?' he inquired, in an amiable voice, of the Chevalier Alexander Paleocappa, who was busy at his elbow, shovelling snuff up his nostrils.

'Surely you must know him. It is Gerasime

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Delfini, the son of Catherine Delfini, the belle of Zante, whom we all admired so much fifteen years ago, and with whom our old friend Cæsar Tsalla was so infatuated. You remember Cæsar Tsalla — poor devil!’ The idiot covered his face with an enormous blue cotton handkerchief, but too late to smother the most devastating of sneezes.

While this conversation was going on, Gerasime Delfini had seated himself at the piano and had begun to sing an air of the Zante poet and musician Solomo. His voice seemed to Jerome Lanza to be making the liveliest impression upon the fair Sophia. An eye that nothing could escape pierced to the very heart of his goddaughter, watched it beat, counted its hurried palpitations. Without being observed by the girl, so complete was her absorption, that jealous glance which is the sharpest and most incisive of all, plunged into her eyes, discovered and took note of the tears that filled them, penetrated the charming head which the wing of passion had touched and was inclining towards the seductive voice, surprised and, as it were, seized, in the very act, the whole world of thoughts which love demands and which youth holds at its service. In brief, Lanza acquired the perfect conviction that Gerasime loved Sophia

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and that Sophia returned his love with all her heart.

Never, perhaps, not even on the day when he had first doubted the fidelity of the mother, had the count's heart suffered so sharp a pang. When the party had broken up and he was alone in the salon with Madame Palazzi, he questioned her.

'My dear, what singular idea leads you to receive Gerasime Delfini in your house?'

'He was introduced to me a fortnight ago,' answered the countess, blushing slightly, as she always did when Jerome Lanza appeared vexed. 'He is the nephew of Madame Barretta, who has relatives at Zante, and he has come to spend a few months here. I don't really know much about him. I believe – but I am not sure – that Sophia has met him occasionally at my sister's.'

At these words, uttered in the nonchalant manner customary with the countess at all times, but which reached its perfection at the hour when she was anxious to go to bed, the old lover was seized with a spasm of impatience. Thrusting his hands into his trousers pockets, he paced up and down the room, taking huge strides, and indulging in a brief meditation upon this harsh theme: *Brutta bestia!* When he had grown a little calmer, he seized a



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chair and dragged it close to the fauteuil in whose depths Caroline was plunged. Accompanied by a wealth of nervous gesticulation, the following winged words issued from his mouth:

'You don't know, then, that your Delfini is the relative . . . No . . . let us not pretend . . . the son of your . . . no, no . . . of that miserable . . . I mean of M. Tsalla . . .?'

'What are you trying to say to me, my dear?'

'I say what I say, and I'm not speaking at random. You have not noticed that this gentleman is making eyes at Sophia?'

'He isn't the only one,' murmured the countess in her apathetic voice.

'And you can't see that that little fool Sophia . . . But, no! I won't believe it! I won't think of it! It would be too horrible. To be betrayed twice in such an affection! . . . And by whom, great God! . . . Don't answer me, don't answer me, my dear love,' went on the distracted count. 'Pretend that I have said nothing! . . . I don't accuse you. I don't accuse you! I know nothing, I suspect nothing! Are you satisfied?'

'Not very,' replied the countess, a little shaken from her composure by all this bitter vehemence. 'I don't quite know what you want. You are

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terrible. You roll your eyes, you strike your head and your knees. What am I to conclude – that you dislike M. Delfini?’

‘Dislike?’ repeated Lanza. ‘Dislike! She calls it “dislike”! Ah! these women! these women! Who was it that said about women . . .? I don’t know what he said, but it’s true! And that man, with his eyes like two burning coals . . . and that atrocious likeness! . . . The moment I saw it, it took me by the throat! It was like a dagger! I all but fell . . . I swear it to you . . . I all but fainted! And you mean to tell me that man does not make you sick . . . does not fill you with horror? What have you in your veins? Blood or milk? Eh?’

‘What do you really want?’ asked the countess a little wearily. ‘What orders are you giving? If you would at least explain yourself, one might do what you want, my love.’

‘I don’t want ever to meet that phantom at your house. To-morrow morning you will forbid your daughter, once and for all, ever to speak to him again.’

The countess rose and reached for her taper.

‘Terrible man!’ she yawned. ‘To-morrow your orders shall be carried out.’

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Jerome, a little composed by her submission, kissed his old mistress's hand and went home.

It was about noon next day when Sophia knocked at her mother's door. She found her drinking coffee and smoking a cigarette. She seemed to be a little more anxious than usual, or, at least, more thoughtful. I am forced to admit that the divine Sophia entertained, concerning the intelligence of the being who had given her birth, a very mean opinion. She was asking herself what could be going on inside 'that head,' when the head spoke for itself.

'I have something to say to you, Sophia.'

'Go on, mother.'

'I am going to vex you.'

'I don't quite know what you mean.'

'Is Gerasime making love to you?'

Sophia looked steadily at her mother and decided not to honour her with any confidence.

'No more than anyone else,' she answered lightly.

'Your godfather does not want us to receive him any more, and I have just written to tell him we are leaving for Corfu and not to take the trouble to call. As he will easily discover we have not left, he will understand and you will not see him again.'

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'I don't think all this is very polite,' commented Sophia. 'Just what has he done?'

'No harm,' admitted the countess. 'I believe he is a worthy young man with a good deal of merit. But, between ourselves, your godfather dislikes him. His family has not treated dear Lanza too well. The count suffers when he sees him here, and we must not cross him. You know how good he has been to your father. You know how many services he has rendered us all. And you are his heiress. I beg you, if you have any weakness for Gerasime, not to think of it any more. It will do you no good.'

Sophia took up her crewelwork, a green spaniel reclining on a red cushion against a white background. She did not say a word. Caroline was enchanted to find that things were likely to go so smoothly.

I don't know whether the day seemed long or short to the young lady. As night was falling she found herself seated near a barred window that gave on to one of these narrow alleys of which I have already spoken. By chance, no doubt, Gerasime happened to pass at the same time, and by what could not have been a chance, something fell suddenly upon the floor of the room. Sophia

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lost no time in picking it up. It was a little paper package bound with twine and weighted by a stone. Without losing an instant, Sophia shut herself up in her room and read the following effusion:

Mademoiselle, why are words only words? Why are they not flames and swords, that I might render to you a worthy account of the tortures that I suffer and the sorrow in which I am plunged? Never to see you again, never to hear your voice? Ah, Sophia, better death a thousand times, death now – on the instant, and amid the most frightful tortures – than such a martyrdom! Your cruel and heartless mother! (Oh! pardon me, adorable angel, the blasphemy which an indignation only too just wrings from my ulcerated soul) – your mother can never have known pity, since she drives me far from you. What have I done? Of what am I guilty? This very day I was going to ask for your hand. I thought that a thousand reasons would speak in my favour – my rank, my fortune, an existence devoted to our suffering country, all the generous sentiments that I feel glowing within me and which your virtues would have rendered still more ardent. Why am I driven from you

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with such violence? Ah, Sophia, my Sophia, you have suffered me to love you, to tell my love, to hope! Must I then lose for ever the crown of glory with which I was about to deck my brows, and which would have made me the most blessed and proudest of men . . . ?

There were eight pages full of this mixture, highly natural to the people of the South, of perfectly sincere sentiments, which only the emphasis of their expression renders ridiculous in the eyes of men of the North. There were verses, protestations of an eternal love, the assurance that the lover would write again the next day and every day, a fervent plea not to be forgotten, and an oath to vanquish all resistance by the firmness of his resolution. In short, Sophia was highly pleased with her Gerasime, told herself a thousand times that she was loved, and held her tongue.

Two days later Gerasime was loafing on the quay, in a melancholy attitude, when Lanza happened to pass. The count perceived him, stopped, saluted him in friendly fashion, and in the most ingratiating of tones asked him how it happened that he was no longer to be seen at the Countess Palazzi's.

Gerasime was beginning the vague excuses cus-

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tomary in such cases, when he suddenly remembered, not, as ill luck would have it, the rumours once current upon the disappearance of Count Tsalla, but the story of the ten thalaris given to one of his aunts. The truth is that hope had become as necessary to him as the air he breathed, and he was prepared to seek it no matter where or from whom. The slightest appearance of goodwill would have sufficed to make him credit any sympathy he craved. The thought struck him, all the more strongly because he desired it so desperately, that this admirable Count Lanza, who had once given ten thalaris to an aunt and who spoke with so unctuous an affection, was a friend whom kind Heaven was sending him, positively fragrant with its good intentions in his regard. Without omitting a single incident and with the same wealth of colourful phrase that he employed in his epistolary style, he told his story from beginning to end.

He confessed that his inclinations towards Sophia had begun a year ago, to a day, during a country visit at Zante, where the young girl had spent three weeks with his mother. The young man admitted his attentions had been accepted readily, but with such transports of gratitude and

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love that they precluded even the suspicion of personal vanity.

He repeated a thousand times that his views regarding her were nothing less than to demand her hand, on bended knees, and to obtain it, if possible, and he failed to understand why Countess Palazzi had so brusquely excluded one who had absolutely nothing to reproach himself with from her circle.

‘My dear young friend,’ said the count, shaking his head with an air of the most heartfelt commiseration, ‘I fail to understand it myself. To me the whole affair is absolutely inexplicable. In any case, I am going to plead your cause. You are too well aware of my faithful friendship, my boundless attachment for your family, not to be assured in advance of my zeal in defending your interests. But it would be as well to know the cause of your misfortune. Caroline Palazzi is not a capricious woman. Someone must surely have calumniated you. Have you, by chance, a rival?’

The wretched Gerasime shrugged his shoulders to express his profound ignorance and threw his head back sharply, a gesture borrowed from the Turks which eloquently expresses every shade and manner of negation. As he looked again at his



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new confidant, a sudden idea flashed across his troubled mind. In the midst of all the count's sympathetic grimaces he seemed to detect a roguish air which filled him with acute misgiving. It was like the streak of lightning on a stormy night that shows a wayfarer he is treading upon perilous ground. The new thought took such entire possession of his mind that from this point onward the character of the conversation changed utterly.

'My dear boy,' Jerome continued, 'you must not let yourself be discouraged too easily. You love Sophia — she loves you. That is the main thing. I have been young, like yourself, and know that in the end victory always rests with constant lovers. Doubtless you have contrived some means of keeping up a correspondence with the young lady. I cannot believe you have neglected so elementary a precaution. And a pleasure so precious! How do you two keep in touch?'

'Alas,' answered Gerasime, 'up to the present it has been impossible for me to communicate in any way, or to receive any encouragement in return.'

'Can I believe my ears?'

'I swear it. Why should I not be frank with you, who are now my sole earthly support?'

'... and shall be always,' added the count

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warmly. 'But do you never pass under Sophia's window?'

'I have ventured to but once. Alas! the bliss of seeing her was denied me.'

'That is too bad. But I really cannot bear to let things stay as they are. Come, let us go to your apartment. Sit down at once and write – if it be only a few lines to comfort the poor girl. You will, of course, say nothing of which a man like myself need hesitate to make himself the bearer. I will manage to slip her your letter without the mother knowing anything of it, and before the end of the week I trust I shall have so arranged matters that your fondest wishes will be realized.'

Gerasime was now in a sad predicament. On the one hand he desired passionately to trust himself to Jerome. On the other, within the last few moments, a horrible suspicion had taken possession of his mind. After speaking with the utmost candour, he had lied roundly. If he had made a mistake in being sincere, what misfortunes for poor Sophia herself might not be the fruit of his trustfulness. If, on the contrary, his sudden suspicion was a mistake, his untruths would be sure to recoil upon her head and, once Jerome detected them, he would have every right to be offended, perhaps – who knows – to

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treat him as an enemy. Now, should he entrust him with a letter, or not? What was he to believe? What was he to imagine? What to decide — or do? There was more noise and confusion at work in Delfini's poor brain than in a rolling mill when twenty furnaces are spouting columns of flame and when twenty giant hammers are rising and falling to the deafening sound of the hydraulic machinery that sets them in motion. Sick with uncertainty, he abandoned himself to chance, and while still asking himself whether he were acting prudently in writing, wrote on! The poor boy had a hapless and congenital inclination for pen and ink.

The letter, written throughout in Gerasime's characteristic style, was one of eleven pages. It was filled with amorous digressions, with promises of early death, with glowing apostrophes. Yet, all the time, by reason of his peculiar temperament and despite his exaltation, he was careful to say nothing which would necessarily conflict with what he had told Jerome towards the end of his confidences, and which, as we know, bore no relation to fact. He was doubtful whether his new friend would ever remit the letter. He was pretty sure that he would read it first. And yet, merely to

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write it gave him exquisite pleasure. Even should it never reach Sophia's hands, he felt it was at least something to have been able once more to set down in black and white the romantic phrases which depicted so vividly and agreeably to their author the interesting state of his own soul.

Lanza, while Gerasime wrote on and on, had all the air of reading with close attention a translation of a speech by General Foy on popular liberties. Finally he took the precious letter from his protégé's hands, kissed him effusively on both cheeks, pressed him to his heart, and ended by a peroration which his new friend would have found sublime but for his vehement doubts upon the orator's sincerity, and which was more or less a paraphrase of the famous maxim, 'Conquer or die!' He called straightway upon Madame Palazzi and had an interview with that lady lasting at least two hours, immediately after which Sophia was summoned to her mother's apartment.

The count had left the house. Madame Palazzi, rolling her beads between her fingers nervously, had barely opened her mouth before Sophia made up her mind: My mother is repeating a lesson!

'My dear child,' said the fair Caroline, 'your

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godfather is extremely angry. He has told me the most terrible things. Delfini is speaking of you in the most offensive manner. He boasts openly that you adore him. He claims that you have given him a watch chain made out of hair – your own hair, from which he hangs a heart pierced with an arrow and inscribed with your name – Sophia. This very morning in the café he read a letter which he had written you aloud to a group of young people. It is a positive tissue of impertinences. He pushed his effrontery to the extent of leaving this letter between the hands of one of his friends, from whom the count was forced to take it. . . . You really must cease to encourage this young man!’

Caroline paused and gazed out of the window, like one who reposes a moment after making an effort. But the daughter was thoroughly aware that the skein which her mother held between her hands was not reeled off, and that there was more to come. She sat down, took up her crewelwork, and proceeded to pass her needle backwards and forwards through the green spaniel, with perfect composure and in perfect silence.

‘Personally,’ went on Caroline, after she had followed for a few moments a group of muleteers going down to the harbour, ‘I must say this: I do

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not understand all there is behind this story. What is clear to me is that your godfather has never liked Delfini, and this wretched letter has driven him beyond himself. I see no great harm in it. I thought it rather well written, myself.'

Sophia continued her embroidery without raising her eyes to the letter which her mother held out and which she perceived perfectly well. Madame Palazzi went on:

'What vexes me most is that your godfather insists upon our leaving Cephalonia. The notion has entered his head of spending two or three years at Ancona, where he has a cousin in the Customs, and he persuaded your father that it is an excellent idea. As you know, your father never contradicts your godfather. My dear, what are we all going to do at Ancona? I wish the notion had never entered the count's head.'

'Mamma, don't you think that if I made the dog's tongue a lighter green it would look better?'

'Yes, my dear, but I should prefer violet. It is more natural. . . . Can you see me fixed at Ancona for years and years! What sort of place is this Ancona? I am sure they speak nothing but English there, and I have never been able to learn a single word. We shall simply be bored to death.

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Can't you find some way of saving us from going to Ancona?'

. . . . .

Next morning, at ten o'clock, Gerasime was sitting in the café when a little girl, very poorly dressed, stopped opposite his table.

'Monsieur,' said she, 'my cousin Vasiliki has bade me tell you that she begs you to see that this package reaches my uncle Yoryi.'

The child placed in Gerasime's hands a sort of roll, some inches long, wrapped in canvas, and, without waiting for an answer of any sort, ran out of the café.

Gerasime was mildly surprised. As a matter of fact, he had had in his service until three months ago a certain Yoryi, who had left him to live upon the coast of Arcanania, where it was generally believed he now exercised the profession of brigand. But, since he had become aware of this fact through the talk of his comrades, Delfini had ceased all communication with his old servant, and he failed to understand why he should be charged with a commission in his regard. Turning the matter over in his mind, he remembered that the Vasiliki woman was cook in the Palazzi household.

The recollection was like a ray of light, or, shall

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we say, a gleam of hope, in his mind. He remembered the letter of yesterday. Jerome, then, must have kept his word. Sophia had contrived this way, in accord with her godfather, to maintain a correspondence. He jumped up from his seat and hastened homewards.

He took a pair of scissors and cut the threads of the package, which was very strongly sewn together. Within the canvas was a second roll, formed of a number of old newspapers; within the paper was something which made so violent an impression upon him that, letting everything fall from his hands, the contents of the bundle were scattered upon the floor. They consisted of three objects — a crimson silk handkerchief, a short dagger with a very sharp point, and a bunch of faded violets.

There was no mystery about the violets, which were as plain as a signature to a letter. He had given them to Sophia a month before and she had promised to keep them forever. The dagger was something that is never sent save to be used. The crimson handkerchief sufficiently indicated the use to be made of it. To those familiar with the language of the country, the message stood out as plain as a sign, painted in golden letters, stands out upon a shop front in the Rue de la Paix.



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What was not clear was the name of the victim designated. The prey to an emotion whose violence will be readily understood, Gerasime sat down, his elbows on the table, as pale as death – as pale, indeed, as a man must be who is commanded to kill by an adored woman, who would deem it a dishonour to refuse, who judges it good, necessary, and indispensable to consent, who is in complete ignorance as to his victim, and in whose subconscious mind a vague fear of the judiciary authority adds a sensible and poignant item to so many conflicting sensations.

Whom was he to kill? There was the question, and the longer he examined it the more puzzled he grew. It was essential he should be sure. To attack an innocent quarry was something repugnant to all common sense. Who, then, was in question? Within a few moments a positive heap of corpses lay at the bottom of Gerasime's imagination. He resurrected them one by one, hoping that each in turn should fail to prove the sacrifice demanded. Unhappily, so enigmatic was the situation that he was forced to contemplate as possible – as probable, even – the most atrocious crimes.

'Come,' said he to himself with a shudder, 'can it be Palazzi whom this angel wants me to kill?'

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Palazzi! He pictured the long lean figure, the ravaged face of this ageing *bon vivant*, with his dyed hair, his hat cocked over one ear, the velvet waistcoat, the slender cane with its coral head; he recalled more especially the wry smile that accompanied some favourite piece of buffoonery.

'Is it possible that Palazzi has offended her? Is it he who opposes our union? The wretch! — and yet — why should he? What can it mean to him? He has never yet meddled in anything. And I have never done him an ill turn. The three or four guineas that I lent him and never asked him to repay — he wouldn't show me the door for that. No, it can't be Palazzi — and besides, if I were to kill him by mistake, Sophia would have some justification for never forgiving me. Well, who else then? Her mother? That fat old woman? Pah! Paleocappa, perhaps? Can it be he who makes good and bad weather in that house? Nonsense! Lanza is their man. And though I mistrust him, Lanza has never done me anything but a kindness. . . . Who can it be? My God! WHO?'

Suddenly an idea occurred to him. It was Sunday morning. He hurried to church and took his place on the steps, at the moment when the crowd was beginning to pour out from High Mass.

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Within the building the last nasal notes of the officiating priests were dying away. One of his acquaintances came out, then a second – a third – then several at once. In the centre of a group he perceived Sophia, walking with a collected and edifying air. Her mother was at her right – her godfather at her left. Palazzi followed them, his white hand giving a last dexterous twist to his black pomaded curls. Gerasime looked at the young girl – a look that spoke volumes. She seemed to understand perfectly. She made no attempt to return his salute, but, as the group passed before him, her eyes looked him straight in the face, rested for a moment upon Jerome Lanza, returned to her lover, and seemed to await a reply. All doubt was at an end. The young man made a mute sign that he understood. At that moment he felt himself violently hustled from behind. Turning, he caught sight of a villainous-looking man who, without proffering the slightest excuse, let him see an open knife in his long sleeve, and disappeared in the crowd.

‘That’s how the land lies,’ said Gerasime to himself. ‘We shall see.’ The idea of receiving a few inches of cold steel in his body spurred him to action. He left for Arcanania before evening, and

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a few days afterwards was dining peaceably in a house at Missolonghi with Yoryi, whose good counsels he had come to seek. Not that, for what he had to do, it was necessary to take all this trouble. Thank Heaven, at Zante, at Cephalonia, in every island of the archipelago, it would have been easy for him, as I believe it will always be easy, to find stout lads quite prepared to remove obstructions out of the way of their friends at a reasonable tariff. But having been ordered to deliver the crimson handkerchief to Yoryi, he believed in following his instructions to the letter.

When the lover had told that excellent man his business and had made a clean breast of the situation, Yoryi could not repress a gesture of surprise. Gerasime noticed it and asked the reason.

"The reason?" repeated the bandit. "There is no particular need you should know it. But I will tell you this. There are some very queer things happen in this life. Fifteen years ago I happened to do some work for Monsieur Count Lanza. There was old Apostolaki in it, besides, and four or five others. He paid us well, I will say that of him. To-day Apostolaki is on the retired list. Two of the boys have been hung by the English, bad luck to them! And here am I asked to get busy with

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Count Lanza himself. And by whom? By you! It's none of my business. But you can say what you like! There's such a thing as justice.'

This was all that could be got from him. Like the practical man he was, he proceeded at once to a discussion of ways and means by which the mission entrusted to him by Gerasime might be most efficiently carried out.

A week later, on Monday night or Tuesday morning – perhaps a few minutes after midnight – Count Jerome Lanza, followed by a servant carrying a lantern, was traversing a crooked little street which lay upon his way home from Madame Palazzi's, when he found himself, without any warning, surrounded by five men, of whom four either were or appeared to him to be very tall, and felled to the ground by a terrible blow on the shoulder. A second and a third blow followed rapidly. Just as he perceived a figure, bent above him for a moment, slighter than the others and covered with a veil, his senses left him.

The lantern was smashed, but the little servant had the presence of mind to utter a succession of piercing cries. Windows were thrown open, but, seeing what was going on, no one showed any particular haste to interfere. Finally, the assassins

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having taken to their heels, a few neighbours consented to come down and go in search of the guard. A policeman was found and came on the scene with a comrade. Some ran to seek the British commissary; others aroused Madame Palazzi, who shed abundant tears before deciding to leave the house with her daughter. Palazzi, no doubt, would have been more expeditious. But he happened to be on a visit in the country. It was only the next day, upon his return, that he learned of the tragedy.

The old count lay stretched on his bed. His skull was smashed in, his legs and arms fractured in several places, and a dagger had been thrust through his body. Upon the fatal spot a sort of club was found, of heavy, knotted wood, garnished with big sharp-headed nails. The magistrate concluded, and his clerk duly noted in his report of the affair, that the murderers had used this lethal weapon upon the person of the hapless Jerome. The victim agreed, and added a few details in a faint voice. But when asked if he recognized any of his assailants, he replied that he had not been able to distinguish a single one, nor could any questions move him from his reserve upon that important and interesting point. In such cases it is usual for aggrieved parties to sin rather by the

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excess than the absence of suspicions; as a rule they suspect everybody, and were their suspicions credited, half the community would be put under lock and key. Old Lanza was a striking exception to this rule. To the general amazement he refused to suggest a single name. The doctors pronounced his injuries mortal and gave him but a few hours to live. It was decided to let him die in peace.

When alone with Madame Palazzi and her daughter, who made no attempt to control their grief, the count said to his old mistress:

‘My dear, Gerasime has murdered me. I recognized him when he leaned over me, though there was a veil across his face. I don’t want the courts mixed up in this affair. It is none of their business. On the contrary, if any evidence turns up against him, you must swear to me to do everything in your power to save Gerasime. You will declare, on oath, that you know he is innocent. Then you will take from my house, which I bequeath to Sophia, whatever money is necessary to have Gerasime killed in his turn, on the same spot where I was attacked, in the same fashion, and with the same sort of club. . . . I would like him also to have a knife thrust through his ribs.’

During the expression of this natural desire

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Madame Palazzi redoubled her tears and sobs. Relatives arrived, followed by the priests; the entire town was massed in the street below. Old Jerome gave up the ghost without having shown any desire to embrace either his dear Caroline or his adorable Sophia. It was evident that one single thought occupied his mind – the desire to see Gerasime sent to join him in eternity as speedily as possible and after the manner and fashion he had indicated.

The funeral was a splendid affair. The metropolitan himself, in full pontificals, officiated, assisted by the *papas* from every parish in the island. The British Commissary General made a speech in English, in which he paid a tribute to the political qualities of the deceased, and his unfailing devotion to the cause of order and religion. The president of the Philhellenic Committee spoke in his turn, in modern Greek, lauding the generous efforts of the dead count in favour of the cause of independence, though failing to mention anything specific he had done. The mayor, in an Italian discourse, commiserated the town upon its loss of so enlightened a member of the municipal council. He recalled the impetus given by the count to economic research throughout Europe thirty years ago by his translation from the French of a pamphlet on free trade in



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cereals. Finally the administrator of the college, in a discourse delivered in Attic Greek, of which no one present understood a word, praised the literary genius of the eminent Count Lanza, who had, in his youth, translated the romance *Le Dot de Suzette* by the eminent and illustrious M. Fievée, from French into the Aramaic tongue, thereby considerably advancing the entire Christian Orient along the path of culture and civilization.

The speeches lasted eight solid hours, and after them everyone went home. The most meticulous and skilled researches, set on foot by justice, failed to discover anything at all. The authorities were particularly anxious to know whether Count Lanza had any personal enemy interested in his taking-off. None was found. The count had not a single enemy of any kind. Inquiries pushed a little further in order to discover whether the count was liked revealed the fact that he was universally detested. It was this flagrant paradox which really gave the finishing stroke to the inquiry. Justice owned itself baffled, and it was only as a matter of form, and to cover its retreat decently, that a pretence was made for some time of carrying on an affair where justice thoroughly understood that it would never understand anything.

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Gerasime Delfini, who had been absent from Cephalonia for at least a month before the assassination of the count, made his appearance two months after the funeral. He had been staying in Naples, where he had amused himself enormously and of whose marvels he gave a lively description.

Sophia, still intent on her green spaniel, said to her mother:

‘Mamma, why don’t you ask M. Delfini to come and see us?’

Madame Palazzi uttered something that was very like a moan.

‘My child,’ she murmured, ‘you know what your godfather said when . . .’

‘Do you believe that?’ asked Sophia, with her customary candour, but with a look whose strange fixity the elder woman never forgot. ‘Is it possible you believe that? Weren’t there once some terrible stories about my godfather and Count Tsalla?’

‘Poor Tsalla!’ the countess murmured under her breath, and something happened that never happened during the lifetime of Jerome Lanza. She put her handkerchief to her eyes, which, indeed, had filled with tears.

‘Do you believe my godfather had Count Tsalla – murdered?’

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‘My child,’ said the countess gently, ‘there are things of which it is forbidden to speak. You are young and you do not know. . . . Jerome was incapable of such an action, and I do not believe that Gerasime . . . I swear to you I have nothing against your young man. If only he were not so like his mother! Madame Delfini was of no great account, I can assure you, and as I sometimes said to poor Tsalla, it is a great mistake to be mixed up with such creatures. At all events, I assure you that I have a great esteem for Gerasime, and if you do not think it would seem lacking in respect for your godfather, I see no reason why I should not receive him.’

A few weeks after this conversation Gerasime married his Sophia. They lived together very happily and many children blessed their union.



A DAUGHTER OF PRIAM



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THE Cyclades are one of those parts of the world to which the epithet 'seductive' could be applied with complete truth. Many of them, it is true, are nothing save barren rocks. Nevertheless, upon the bosom of these Grecian seas where the hands of the gods have sown them, these same rocks glitter like so many precious stones. A flawless atmosphere bathes them in its limpid light. Their setting is an ocean of the deepest and truest blue. According to the hour at which you see them, they appear to be so many amethysts, sapphires, rubies, or topazes. No matter how sterile, bare, and naked the reality, it disappears under a grace and majesty truly incomparable. The Cyclades, in fact, might be compared to great ladies born and reared in the midst of wealth and elegance, and to whom no refinement of luxury has been unknown. Disasters have visited them, on a vast and noble scale commensurate with their station. They have retired from the world with the debris of their fortune. They pay no visits; they receive no friends. But they remain great ladies. Supreme refinements that the parvenu will never know — a charming serenity, an adorable smile — cling to them from their day of prosperity.

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A few years ago, and a little before dawn, the *Aurora*, a corvette of the British Navy, was making her way through the midst of this archipelago. She was on her way from Corfu, and, according to the wise prescriptions of the Admiralty, mindful of its coal bunkers, was proceeding under sail. Her commander, Henry Fitzalan Norton, was asleep in his berth when a seaman, sent by the navigating officer, knocked upon his cabin door.

‘Sir! Sir!’

At the sound of the familiar voice the commander opened his eyes and answered:

‘What is it?’

‘We are just off Naxos, sir.’

‘All right.’

Norton had been playing a late hand at whist the night before in the ward room, and was tired. He turned over with the full intention of going to sleep again. But he was not suffered to doze. A black, curly bulk stretched itself lazily at the side of his berth; there was the sound of a prolonged yawn; a tongue of the pinkest and longest flickered affectionately in the direction of his chin, and two eyes, as intelligent as only the eyes of a retriever can be, reproached him for his laziness.

‘For Heaven’s sake,’ they seemed to say, ‘let us



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get up! I've slept quite long enough and so have you!

'Oh, well,' answered his master, 'if I must, I suppose I must. Here goes, Dido . . . here goes!'

To be brief, the commander 'showed a leg.'

Dawn was creeping up the sky, but it was still dark. By the light of a candle whose feeble glimmer presently illuminated Norton's hasty toilet, the strange medley of objects that were crowded compactly together in the little stateroom were rather to be guessed at than recognized. It is the fashion among landsmen to expatiate upon the luxury of the naval officer. But nothing is really simpler than the place where he lives, moves, and has his being. If it be on a French man-of-war, administrative infallibility leaves nothing to chance. Its walls will be white, with a profusion of gilt mouldings, apparently patterned upon the private rooms in a restaurant. Except in the case of a vice-admiral, the furniture will be invariably upholstered in red. For him the naval department allows of one exception, and insists upon yellow. In this respect the laws of the Medes and Persians, or the regulations of Minos, are lax by comparison. On this table will be a few magazines, arranged in neat piles, and a Naval Year-book. If the officer be

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a married man, a few photographs may be allowed to alleviate the severity of the panelled walls.

In the British Navy, individual taste is allowed a little more scope. The cabin of the commanding officer is not always furnished in the same colour; its upholstery may be varied at will. There are fewer obscure bulkheads and recesses, fewer doors opening upon cramped cupboards four feet by four; the use of curtains allows light and air to circulate more freely. Another characteristic difference is the presence of pictures, works of art, and, above all, of books. In this respect, Norton's cabin, despite its small proportions, was amply equipped. There were engravings after the old Italian masters, two or three small canvases picked up at Messina or Malta, and, everywhere that shelves could be fitted, books of every shape and size – mathematical treatises, works on political economy, history, German philosophy, and recent novels. Books, in fact, were crowded together, piled up, volume on volume. They even overflowed upon the chairs. Henry Norton knew his profession thoroughly and practised it conscientiously. This did not prevent him from being a passionate admirer of Dickens and Tennyson.

He was a young man of thirty-three, with a fair

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and open face. He spoke seldom, thought a good deal, indulged in quite a little day-dreaming, and altogether presented that curious mixture of the practical and the romantic common among his countrymen. Although successful in the career he had chosen (he was already full commander), he showed no pronounced taste for society. Equally, no disposition to spleen had ever been noticed in him.

As soon as he was dressed he went above and climbed to the bridge. The deck was already being swabbed down and the darkness was full of familiar noises in which the swish of water buckets and the heavy thud of mops predominated. The navigating officer, wrapped in his greatcoat, was waiting stolidly for the end of his watch. Norton returned his salute and gazed about him silently. Dawn was coming up apace. Norton, as he watched it, mentally approved the observation of the old poets, who have described it as 'rosy-fingered.' In general it may be remarked that no country in the world so justifies the ancient impersonations of nature as the Levant. All its phenomena are so clearly manifested, stand out with such precision of detail, are endued with such life and charm, that it seems the most natural thing in the world to imagine the gates of

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the day opened by a charming girl, or to see the planet of day whirled across the celestial plains by sleek and fiery coursers, their reins handled by the most beautiful and most intelligent of all the gods.

The sea was profoundly calm, and blue as a cornflower. Its surface seemed to be not so much wrinkled as coquettishly pleated, in order that rivulets of light, pouring from the emergent planet, might ripple the more becomingly across its bosom. Only far away, on the rim of the eastern horizon, something still lingered of the delicate shadow of dawn. Nearer at hand, in a circle that widened as one watched it, a tumult of blossoms, saffron and pale rose, was dyeing the molten plain to their own transcendent hues. Little by little, the saffron deepened to orange, the pink was flecked with scarlet. Ribbons of gold streaked the expanse in every direction. A day that was warm, overwhelming, dazzling, and imperious took possession of the world anew.

Here and there, some nearer, some more distant, rose mountainous islets whose outlines were infinitely fine, delicate, and accomplished. This one was Paros; a little farther, its sister island, Antiparos; still farther, Santorin emerged from the haze. Finally, directly on the bow of the *Aurora*, Naxos

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was revealed, not merely in its general bulk, but its summits, its foothills, its valleys, its gorges, its rocks. White as a bride, the city opened to view.

To reach it would still take some hours. The wind had fallen to light airs and the corvette made little way. Meantime, the detail of the coast line became clearer every minute. The mouth of the harbour could be plainly distinguished among the rocks. To a little islet on the right, a few fragments of masonry still clung, ruins of a temple to Hercules. The city, whose lowest houses were bathed by the tide, rose upwards, street on street, like the tiers in an amphitheatre. Its summit was crowned by a heterogeneous mass of buildings, surrounded by ramparts which, for all the ruin of time and the depredations committed on them, still merited its ambitious title of citadel. The impression of the whole was fresh, gay, and attractive. The *Aurora* was drawing slowly nearer and nearer to this hospitable shore, when an unforeseen accident befell which was like to have changed the prosperous manner of her arrival to tragedy.

At the very moment when the corvette was rounding the harbour entrance a sudden gust of wind from seaward filled her canvas, every stitch of which was set to make the most of the light breeze

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prevailing. The vessel, not three hundred yards away from the rocky coast, took her head, and a serious accident seemed imminent, when her commander shouted a sharp command, at which the entire crew leaped on deck and swarmed up the shrouds. So quickly was the order given and executed that dozens of caps and hats blew overboard and littered the sea. But in an instant the sails were furled and the *Aurora's* course checked, not quickly enough, however, to prevent a few feet of her planking from grazing a steep rock.

It was an accident, but, luckily, of the slightest. Once it had been ascertained that the danger so narrowly escaped entailed merely a stay at Naxos of five or six days at the most, and that some slight repair, in any case, was due the *Aurora's* machinery, commander and officers, far from deploring the contretemps, were delighted by it. The order to anchor was given, and even while it was being carried out, two men came aboard and asked for the vessel's executive.

The new arrivals were dressed very much alike, in frock coats, long trousers, black waistcoats and white cravats, and carried in their hands the high hats customary with civilized people all over the world. It was rather the details of their costume

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than its general fashion which struck Norton with surprise. These presented the most absolutely archaic form conceivable in modern attire. The most superficial observer would not have been able to assign to them a date more recent than, say, 1820. The enormous rolling collars, the gored sleeves, very large at the shoulder and very tight below the elbow, the high waists and voluminous skirts, the peg-top trousers strapped under the boot *au cosaque*, the black silk waistcoats, leaving a vast expanse of shirt bosom exposed, would have drawn tears from Beau Brummel, if he had been present to contemplate these mementoes of his youth. The ample cravats, of tuckered muslin, were six inches high at the very least, and terminated in a system of knots and bows that would have driven a topsman of the *Aurora* to despair. They were crowned by two ends of a high starched collar that must have seriously interfered with the brim of the hats, which at this moment reposed in the hands of the possessors of this remarkable wardrobe. The hats deserve a word to themselves. Eighteen inches high and with great curly brims, their very proportions inspired a respect that was increased immeasurably by the rough and bristling aspect of the beaver nap of which they were built.

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Norton remained a few moments, almost stupefied by this vision from the remote past. He could recall only the heroes of a vanished age, and had much ado to concentrate his attention upon the faces of his guests. Both alike bespoke the utmost dignity and respectability. The two visitors were alike in the fact that their hair, like their clothes, followed the fashions of a bygone age. It was slicked down upon the temples in two vast curls, the 'heartbreakers' of forty years ago, that might be compared to the pavilions with which our great monuments are decorated, and rose above the foreheads in two high grey toupees, recalling with greater exactness the pediments that lend dignity to the doorways of our lesser courts of law.

Strikingly similar as was their equipment, the two strangers differed widely in personal appearance. The first to climb the ladder was short, plump, and fresh-coloured, with a jovial and contented expression. His companion, on the contrary, was tall and extremely lean. His yellow countenance breathed suffering and sadness, but at the same time a complete resignation. Norton could not deny that both old men were distinguished in the extreme. The memory of certain old French and



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Italian gentlemen, seen by him in his early youth, flashed rapidly through his head.

Still under the influence of his first impressions, and anxious to know how far they were justified, he took the two callers below into his cabin and inquired courteously as to their business with him. The plump Naxiote introduced himself as M. Dimitri de Moncade, consular representative of Her Britannic Majesty's Government, come to offer his good offices. He then presented his friend, M. Nicolas Phrangopoulo, consul for the Hanseatic cities. The conversation took place in Greek. Thanks to a stay of several years on the Levant station, Norton spoke the idiom fluently. Neither M. de Moncade nor M. Phrangopoulo had the slightest acquaintance with any other.

We have already made it clear to our readers that the commander of the *Aurora* was a man of an inquiring turn of mind and anxious for fresh information. The mere appearance of the two men now seated in his cabin was sufficient to arouse his curiosity and to make him anxious to know more about them, were it only as material for future observations concerning the island of Naxos. So far as good manners would permit he sought to lead the conversation in an informatory direction, and

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his efforts were crowned with considerable success. The following is a brief summary of what he was able to piece together:

The consular agent of Her Britannic Majesty owed his functions to the fact that his father and grandfather had already and with great credit exercised them before him. Naturally his reward was confined to the social consideration which they conferred upon his person. No vulgar question of emolument had ever entered into the bargain. He had known Admiral Codrington, and a luncheon upon his flagship about the time of the battle of Navarino remained one of his most precious memories. Once every seven or eight years his eyes were gratified by the sight of a British man-of-war, which happened to be cruising off Naxos. In the year 1836 he had made a trip to Athens, and had acquired a fund of knowledge on all manner of things which the subsequent passage of time had never been permitted to disturb. He asked Henry Norton for some news of His Grace the Duke of Wellington, and evinced a sensible regret on learning that the great captain had been dead a dozen years. In a few well-chosen phrases he recapitulated his sterling merits as man and soldier, and it is quite likely that his was the last funeral

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oration ever pronounced over the ashes of the victor of Waterloo.

The painful emotions inevitable on such an occasion being a little dissipated, M. de Moncade offered a few sarcastic observations on the subject of the French in general and more specifically on the revolutionary spirit. Without being very definite, he managed to make it clear that memories of the Greek War for Independence afforded him little personal satisfaction, the more so as the Government at Athens had seen fit to obtrude a provincial governor upon his island, whereas, never, never, so long as the Sultan was master of the archipelago, had any Turk, great or small, been seen at Naxos. His own esteem was confined entirely to the old native families, that is to say, those of European origin. He was incapable of forgetting that his own ancestors hailed from the south of France, where it was possible that his name still existed. He knew for a fact, positive and beyond any conjecture, that no misalliance had ever weakened the blueness of the blood circulating in his own veins.

Livelier and more talkative than M. Phrangopoulo, M. de Moncade nevertheless was careful frequently to associate the latter with his own

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opinions and reminiscences. Norton learned that his companion was of no less aristocratic stock, and that his name, despite its Greek form, was an additional witness to his gentility, signifying, as it did, 'son of France,' the original patronymic of his race having, unfortunately, been lost. All the opinions of M. de Moncade, political and social, were shared by his friend, who was content to signify the fact by nodding or shaking his head at the proper time. His knowledge of the things of the outside world, it was quite plain, was no less profound and thorough.

Never once, in his whole life, had he left the island of his birth. Like M. de Moncade, the British consul, his functions as representative at Naxos of the Hanseatic towns rested upon an hereditary and unpaid basis. Less fortunate, however, than the former, he might have ended his days without once laying eyes on a citizen of the Germanic power whose interests he served, were it not for the fact that in the year 1845 a trading brig from Hamburg, laden with lumber, had allowed itself to be driven from its course during a heavy gale and gone to pieces on the rocks of Antiparos. The cargo was a total loss; the crew, luckily, was saved. The captain of the luckless brig,

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Peter Ganseemann, stayed a month at Naxos. Before going home, he left in the hands of M. Phrangopoulo a document, certifying to all whom it might concern, and to posterity at large, that M. Phrangopoulo was the most honourable man he had ever met, and that to his good offices both he and his crew owed their support during their enforced sojourn on the island. This, he added, was a piece of generosity all the more to be commended because the worthy consul appeared to him to be living in a condition not far removed from destitution.

One may not be altogether an optimist and yet believe that many good actions have their reward in this base world. M. Phrangopoulo, at least, obtained his from the fact that the visit of Captain Ganseemann remained the highlight of his life. As the skipper only spoke German, he had naturally been unable to communicate many new ideas to his host. But he was the hero of the capital event in the records of the consulate, and the imagination of the old gentleman persisted in dwelling upon the theme to such an extent that it became for him a veritable chapter from the *Arabian Nights*. The chance to have his certificate translated for him never came his way. But he thought all the more

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of it on this account, and made no more question of what it said than if someone had laid in his hand the four sacred books of Confucius in the original text.

Norton's imagination never stood in need of much stimulus. The mere contact with these strange beings now set it into ferment. Consider the circumstances! An island on the Greek archipelago in all its pristine beauty, represented by two relics of European nobility; these two survivals, able to speak only Greek, absolutely ignorant, in a meretricious and meddlesome age, of everything passing in the world outside, living only a few miles from Athens, but by this very ignorance further removed from the universe than if they were the inhabitants of one of the central states of America. Here was one of those violent paradoxes that the commander of the *Aurora* adored. So greatly was it to his taste that he had made up his mind, before savouring its full charm, to seek further demonstrations of its strangeness. His new friends asked for nothing better, and the talk went on.

There is no mail boat, he was told, between the bulk of the isles and the Greek mainland, and this for a very good reason. Having neither commerce nor industry, being equally disinterested in exports

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or imports, these remote spots of territory neither send nor receive letters. Every fortnight or so a schooner leaves Syra for Paros with letters and parcels. Sometimes, by a rare coincidence, there is one among them for Naxos; in this case some boat or other from the smaller island takes charge of it. With the help of God and in God's good time it reaches its destination.

By this means newspapers did occasionally reach the island. But their interest was practically *nil* for a populace who were stay-at-homes both by circumstance and inclination, who read nothing, knew nothing of the world and cared nothing for it, owned no property save their vines, their olive bushes, their orange and pomegranate trees, at most here and there a few sheep, and who passed their lives like the happy man of whom Horace sings, in a state of mediocrity that was far from being gilded. These very practical philosophers could not, of course, help picking up, at haphazard and piecemeal, the few subjects that served them for general conversation. For the rest, too poor to need any man's help, sufficiently clad and nourished, living under too clement a sky for their delightful poverty to entail any suffering, lazy with a fine conviction, proud of their past and knowing how to preserve

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their dignity in the present, these Naxiote gentlemen, Henry quickly gathered, pass their days in peace with all men and would be very surprised to be told they are not the equal of the most bustling figures in the most active of modern societies.

Naturally, and in common with the inhabitants of all Greece, they keep a solid reverence for the origins of the country which they inhabit, and are not backward in claiming their share of its heritage of glory. But what they are fondest of recalling is the era of the Crusades. It was at that epoch that the French duchy of the Cyclades was founded, whose knights became the feudal lords of the islands. Most of the gentry of Naxos love to trace their ancestry to this period. But often they deceive themselves. The old French duchy has passed through many vicissitudes. One by one the conquering races have died out and been replaced by others, equally European in origin, but less ancient. The Venetians brought an access of Italian blood in their train. French and Spanish adventurers of the seventeenth century contributed their quota, to say nothing of the Greeks. Towards the end, when the last scion of the European ducal house found himself obliged to place his coronet in Turkish hands, no representative of Islam was



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sent the islanders. Far from changing their political status, the Moslem conqueror took the trouble to assign to them a duke of his own choice, who happened to be a Jewish doctor of the Sultan. This son of Moses left no successor behind him, and as he had never resided in the island, his palace, now become the nominal property of his royal master, was abandoned and gradually demolished by the nobility themselves, who found it handy to take their building material ready-made from property which nobody owned, nobody claimed, nobody protected, and nobody repaired. Henceforth the local government assumed its present municipal and republican form. The old families controlled it. But nobles and populace were equally poor, equally oblivious of the universe outside them, and used to living together. Quarrels could not well arise when there was nothing to quarrel about. So perfect had the harmony become that nothing, not even the Catholicism of some and the Orthodox faith of others, the presence of two bishops belonging to rival rites, a monastery of French Lazarists who, by some means or another, had bought land and settled, or the foundation of a convent of Ursuline nuns from Burgundy, could prevail against the stubborn peacefulness of a populace who

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took the liberty, in the full nineteenth century, of reproducing the conditions of life in Eden.

Apprised of these circumstances by the conversation of his two visitors, whom he kept to lunch, the enchanted commander lost no time in making his preparations for landing and viewing matters at close quarters. Leaving a few orders with his second in command, he entered his gig in company with M. de Moncade and M. Phrangopoulo, followed closely by Dido, not less enchanted than her master with the idea of going ashore. The party was rowed towards a little wooden landing stage, where a notable party of the inhabitants – to be exact, a dozen or so of fisherfolk – awaited them with joyful curiosity. Among them were a few women, holding beautiful infants in their arms. One and all saluted the stranger with the utmost good-humour. With his guests on either hand, Norton took his way along a narrow footpath lined by sunken foundations, with ruins and rubbish of every sort, and after a pretty stiff ascent of some minutes arrived at a recessed archway, a last relic of the old citadel. Passing through this gloomy entry, he found himself in a narrow street paved with flat stones, which was, in fact, the main artery of the city. Winding continually, the street climbed the hill, between

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two-storied houses whose general detail recalled the architectural forms of the eighteenth century in Italy. Upon the main door of each Norton noted shields, carved with armorial bearings. The whole street was so dark and cool, so few were the passers-by, that it was far more like the courtyard of a large private house than a public thoroughfare. Now and again a mule, loaded with vegetables or fruit, picked its way along, setting down its hard little hoofs one by one with neat deliberation.

M. de Moncade stopped before an arched doorway ornamented with a shield, like all the rest, and, making the commander a profound bow, besought him to honour him by resting a few moments at his house. Pushing open a worm-eaten wooden door, the consul of Her Britannic Majesty at Naxos ushered Norton into a vast vaulted chamber resembling nothing so much as one of those cellars which the rich abbots of old built to house the vats and barrels filled with their legendary vintages.

Under the arch in whose midst the door was cut, and through three level windows comprised in its woodwork, a dim light filtered into this sombre abode. The walls were washed with lime. The floor, upon the level of the street outside, was paved in a manner exactly similar. A tattered old carpet

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was laid at the far end of the apartment, and here and there pieces of furniture were grouped upon it — a carved cassone in the Venetian manner, two or three arm-chairs upholstered in yellow Utrecht velvet, a few straw-bottomed chairs, and a table bearing alabaster vases such as are sold to tourists in Florence. Two portraits, one of Queen Victoria and another of the Prince Consort, apparently executed by a mortal enemy of the Hanoverian dynasty, were pointed out to the commander with a certain pride, and it was intimated to him that few such masterpieces existed on the island.

No sooner had Norton taken a seat than he was seized with a violent desire not to spend the rest of his day in staring at the whitewashed vault above his head, and asked the advice of his new friends as to the best means of passing his time. He already perceived that he was not to be left alone for a moment of his stay, while even to hint that solitude might be a pleasure would be considered a grave affront to his hosts. He was also soon to realize that the prospect of an incognito during his sojourn in Naxos was a vain hope. The apparition of a British man-of-war in the port was so extraordinary an event that the entire social life of the country would feel its repercussion; nothing else would be

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spoken of; the news was even now flying from end to end of the isle with such incredible rapidity that in less than an hour it would have reached the most remote and inaccessible of its valleys. To satisfy such justifiable curiosity was a clear duty. The leading citizens, the two bishops, the two or three representatives of the great local families must one and all be shown what type of the human family was a British naval commander, this strange entity of which a few of the most erudite had had word, but which not one had seen. This duty accomplished, a country trip would be taken to the home of M. Phrangopoulo, where the rest of the day would be spent.

Henry resigned himself to the programme arranged by his hosts. Round the doors of their houses men, women, and children were clustered, and saluted the stranger smilingly. These honest folk had the careless and tranquil air which comes from unlimited leisure and the absence of any save primitive needs. The greater part of the women were surprisingly beautiful. A peerless sky, a city extravagantly picturesque, small and closely built like the abode of one great family, an immutable serenity on many faces, an extreme charm and good-humour upon all – these were the impressions that

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the young officer received on his way, and he was not the man to fail to be profoundly moved by them.

Two hours had passed since the two old gentlemen boarded the *Aurora*. Norton had ceased to find them singular, still less ridiculous. What he now noted was only their exquisite politeness, their desire to be agreeable to the chance-met stranger, their true distinction, and the authentic nobility of their manners.

At each successive visit coffee and cigarettes were offered him. There were a certain number of questions as to the European courts. Once these inevitable topics had been discussed to the general satisfaction (and with a leisureliness at which Dido alone was allowed to show impatience), the three friends left the limits of the citadel. Descending a slope which was covered with ruins, they found, awaiting them under the wall of a little hovel, three mules ordered by M. Phrangopoulo, which were to have the honour of taking the travellers on that last lap of their journey.

To attempt to walk along the paths near the sea at Naxos would be a task, if not impossible, at least difficult and tiring in the extreme. Their foundation is a fine, deep, and drifting sand. Tall dense

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hedges, covered with flowers, bind this unstable soil together and climb the rocks which border the paths. There is a smiling sky – but a grilling sun. Soon the mountains are reached, smooth of contour and split by deep ravines. Evergreen oaks and pistachio trees throw their shadows upon little rivulets, adorably clear and cold, whose banks are set thickly with a mass of oleanders. Here and there stray sheep and cattle. Upon the crests of the hills are little square castles, their battlemented walls, of a dazzling white, almost bare of windows and with a roofed turret at each angle. These tiny strongholds, so thoroughly feudal in character, produce a singular effect upon the traveller's mind when seen in a Greek island. They are relics of the days when the neighbouring seas were infested by Barbary pirates, who made periodical descents upon the coast, carrying off the fairest of its daughters to sell upon the slave markets of Constantinople, Alexandria, and Smyrna, and giving rise to a vast number of romances, for the most part, naturally, unpublished. The populace, naturally reluctant to be made the raw material of poetic incident, eventually gave up inhabiting the island at sea level. For this reason, in the entire archipelago, the chief buildings are to be sought upon the tops of hills

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and mostly at an elevation from which the horizon can be easily swept. In all the world there is nothing more beautiful than these castles. Vines, enormous orange bushes, fig trees, peach trees, and orchards of every sort grow to their very walls, little cultivated, no doubt, but richer, stronger, and more tenacious for their savage liberty.

At the end of two or three hours, the travellers came within sight of one of these little castles, perched upon the reverse of a hill. Whiter than its neighbours, more elegantly built and seeming to rear its four slim turrets with a more consciously coquettish air, set among trees and bushes more thickly tufted and of a more vivid green and loaded more richly with oranges and lemons, it had struck Norton's eyes from afar and held them fascinated. When M. de Moncade, who did most of the talking, informed him that it was the goal of their journey, and that, once a small river had been crossed, they would find themselves upon his friend's property, the British sailor had the strange feeling that a sort of Rubicon lay before him, that, once he had passed it, all his old life would be left behind, and that a new existence lay waiting for him on the thither side. Oftenest such visions prove fallacious; they depend largely upon the



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individual humour, the weather, a physical well-being perhaps more or less keenly felt at the moment. Nervous temperaments notably are influenced a thousand times by such premonitions, which spring from everything and from nothing. What is far worse, they abandon themselves willingly to the belief that these moods are of a prophetic character and really forecast the future. And, naturally, they are frequently led astray. But it would be only one superstition the more to deduce it as an axiom that presentiments are invariably deceptive.

This much is certain. Norton made his way to the little manor with a receptive heart, his soul full of an unreasoning joy, his brain swarming with a thousand ideas, a thousand thoughts, a thousand emotions, each livelier, gayer, and more animated than its fellow.

In a mountainous island like Naxos one is always climbing or descending. Again the travellers had before them a steep, narrow, serpentine path, full of loose stones, that led them past farm inclosures and cottages before it attained the summit on which the castle stood. Dismounting at the foot of a narrow stone staircase, they climbed to a terrace almost equally narrow, off which led a room not

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very unlike that which Norton had admired in the town a few hours before. It was again little more than a cellar, its ceiling vaulted like a chapel, its walls and ceiling washed with lime. It was more simply, or, if one prefers the word, more meagrely furnished than that of M. de Moncade. A low sofa, covered in calico, was at one end of the chamber. Upon the far side was an open wooden stairway apparently leading to the rooms occupied by the family at night. One surmised that in days gone by, when the château had been built upon the slope of a hill for fear of surprise by corsairs, it had been judged wise to add one precaution the more in case the invader were suffered to land, and to be able, by breaking away the staircase at need, to defend the upper portion of the house. The manor contained only four or five rooms in all. It was surmounted by a flat roof flanked by four sentry boxes at its angles. The maize harvest was at this moment spread out upon it to dry in the sun.

None of these details were missed by Norton in the course of his inspection. With his eyes still dazzled by the beauty of the landscape that stretched away from the foot of the old Venetian manor house, he returned to the great *salon*, where

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a spectacle of quite another order awaited him. The women of the family were gathered together upon the sofa. Madame Marie Phrangopoulo, a stout and placid matron, was rolling the beads of her rosary between short, fat fingers. The mistress of the mansion had the great black eyes of her countrywomen and an air of unalterable serenity. Upon her smooth face rested not the lightest shadow of animation. Nevertheless, some score of years ago she must have been what in the archipelago is termed a beauty. The lady at her side, who was introduced to Norton as her daughter-in-law, was a brunette. She had strongly cut features, glossy black hair, and a depth in her steady regard which inspired reflection. Possibly nothing lay behind it. These things are mysteries upon which it is unprofitable to speculate. The lady was Madame Triantaphyllon Phrangopoulo. Two little lads, one with chestnut hair and another dark as his mother, clung to her skirts. Beautiful as young angels, they looked at the stranger with that air, made up of implacable mistrust and profound admiration, that is so charming in children. The young woman held a baby boy upon her knees. He was squeezing an orange between his tiny fingers and concentrating his entire attention upon the

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operation. An infant a few months old was carried by a little Syrian servant maid.

Here an observation is in place concerning the exact manner in which the past of these islands is reflected in their present. In ancient days more Asiatics than Greeks settled in the Cyclades; more colonists reached them from Phœnicia than from Hellas. The antiquities that are unearthed from time to time reproduce the distorted form of the gods of Tyre and Sidon oftener than the elegant deities of Athens. And to-day things are much the same. Emigrants from Athens show no alacrity in settling upon these shores. Natural charms appeal to them little in comparison with the lure of Constantinople, of bustling Smyrna, or wealthy Alexandria. But the people of ancient Canaa have not forgotten the old routes. For this reason one often meets with servants of their stock at Naxos, whose offspring mingle with the descendants of the crusading knights.

Norton was turning these things over in his instructed mind when the door of the gallery above him opened. So unexpected was the apparition it disclosed that for a moment he believed himself the prey of an hallucination. A young girl descended the steps, for whose attire modest would be an

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exaggerated term. She wore a dress of brown cotton with white polka dots, quite evidently cut out and sewn by herself, and so absolutely unpretentious that it had best be termed a garment. It had full sleeves, tight at the wrist, and its austerity was unrelieved by either lace or muslin. But the girl's slight figure was of an exquisite symmetry; her cheeks had the carnation of a nereid painted by Rubens. Her eyes, of a brilliant sapphire blue, had the very transparency of the jewel. Her auburn hair, thick, abundant, and carelessly gathered in a knot at the nape of her neck, as though the very difficulty of controlling it rendered her impatient, was fine and lissom as so much silk. Her mouth was a rose; a smile of the sweetest revealed teeth that were fully worthy of the old comparison with twin rows of pearls. More remarkable, however, than all, and so convincing that a single look gathered its significance, was the adorable and flawless candour, the serene charm of absolute security, that breathed from her person.

Do we fall in love at the first blow or only after repeated wounds? Specialists are still disputing this great question. Probably what is true of death is true also of the love which, upon no less an authority than that of the Scriptures, may be

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stronger than death. In battle, when a man is not killed at the first lunge, it is only because the aim was amiss. But the thrust which at last fells the soldier to the ground from which he shall never rise, recks nothing of onslaughts that went before.

So in love. When love overthrows man or woman it is because its aim has been a true one. Consequently, it must happen that men or women sometimes love from the first moment of an encounter. Norton would probably have refused to admit this axiom. Temperaments as proud as his are unwilling to imagine themselves as overcome at an initial shock. Nevertheless, as the young woman passed across the room to reach her mother's side, the young sailor had need of all his civilized phlegm to cover the emotion she produced upon him and to assume a cold and composed air worthy of the flag he served. It was scarcely his fault if the bearing of the beautiful girl, supple, noble, and full of an incredible grace, recalled to his memory the famous passage of Virgil on the manner in which the goddesses advance. Still less was he to be blamed when, the girl having taken her seat, he perceived that the eyes of the entire family centred upon her, noticed that every face was smiling with open admiration, and heard M. de Moncade, with

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all the air of a man who expresses an undisputed truth, addressing him in the following remarkable speech:

‘I’ll wager that you have never yet in all your life seen anything so beautiful as my goddaughter Akrivie.’

Everyone appeared to await the British commander’s reply with the utmost confidence. The object of the remark just uttered smiled in her turn without the slightest self-consciousness, and appeared quite as convinced that only one answer was possible. Poor Norton, aghast at this infraction of everything that he had held a social convention, could only bow confusedly. It is still doubtful whether one of those pitiful suspicions, of which sophisticated people keep so ready a supply on hand, did not, at this moment, arise in his breast. If this were so, it must be said to his credit that the infamy was involuntary and in no wise the fruit of reflection. What actually happened was that, in a reaction that did honour to his good sense, and trampling upon the prostrate form of British cant, he answered M. de Moncade quietly:

‘No. I did not believe that anything so perfect as mademoiselle existed anywhere.’

‘Don’t think,’ went on the British consul at

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Naxos, 'that my daughter has no rivals in the island. When you come to Mass on Sunday you will see how pretty our girls are. But there is no other like her. That is a simple fact, and she knows it herself. Will you have a cigarette?'

While he was lighting it, Norton was saying to himself:

'I am either crazy already or will soon be. The girl is lovely. Why seek to deny it? But what a little dowdy! She looks well here because I see her with her halo of orange trees and oleanders and all the rest of it. But imagine her in a drawing-room at home! Can't I just hear Lady Jane! And then, what kind of an education can this wretched girl have had? Suppose I try to make her talk.'

In countries of the Levant, congenial folk who are happy when together are capable of enjoying one another's society for hours without once breaking silence. You stretch your legs, you smoke, you look at your neighbour – and you hold your tongue. The idea of proffering some bright remark never so much as enters anyone's head. Perhaps this explains why people in this part of the world are never bored. Norton might have indulged the reverie this sudden apparition had aroused indefinitely and without arousing any comment.



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The master of the house, aided by a little servant lad, was busy over some scientific brew of lemonade. Madame Marie still fingered her rosary in beatific silence. Madame Triantaphyllon still rocked her plump baby, who had finally succeeded in making a hole in his orange and had fallen asleep sucking it. The two boys had left the room with the little Syrian nurse-girl and her charge. M. de Moncade went on smoking with all the unhurried dignity of a Mohican chieftain celebrating the calumet of peace. The belle of Naxos had seen no reason to take her eyes off the new arrival. Without a spice of coquetry in her regard, she continued to examine this specimen of humanity, different from anything hitherto encountered.

Pursuing his half-disdainful project, Norton proceeded to open a conversation with her. His idea, innocent enough in all conscience, was to make a brief inventory of the furniture of Akrivie's mind before proceeding to that of her heart. There is, by the way, no better specific for gathering overhasty and misleading impressions.

The mind in question struck him as singular. He could discover absolutely none of the attainments common with girls of any sort of social status in the lands of schools and drawing-rooms. She

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appeared neither to have acquired any knowledge, nor to be aware of its absence. By chance he found out that she thought Spain was quite near America, though, beyond the fact that it was probably a long way from Naxos, she had no idea where it was to be found. He was pedantic enough to enlighten her ignorance, but could see that she paid little or no attention to his words. On the other hand, he found her sensible to the prospects of the Christians again owning Constantinople. Unlike her father and godfather, she hated the Turks and asked nothing better than their total annihilation. She knew for a fact that these monsters ate little babies raw; she was also aware that a raid from them upon the coast was still to be looked for any day in the week.

Finding her ideas in the political sphere so full of the matter of poetry, Norton touched upon literature. Here he encountered a total blank. She had never read anything except her prayer book and had no comments to make upon that. The young sailor was surprised to find that an imagination capable of conceiving a reconquest of Stamboul and of surrounding it with a number of rich inventions, had no suspicion of any charms to be sought in the printed word. He entered upon a long analysis of

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the beauties of the island and sea coast. Akrivie seemed gratified that the English gentleman liked her country. Knowing no other, she was, of course, fully aware of its perfections and advantages. But, having no means of making comparisons, she was somewhat indifferent to the enthusiasm of others upon the subject. In three words—she knew nothing, thought of nothing, and could converse upon nothing. Nevertheless, she smiled, her beautiful eyes widened as she listened. She was altogether ravishing.

Norton stubbornly refused to believe her a fool. On the contrary, her occasional flashes of common sense, uttered with an air of the most absolute and imperturbable conviction, her visible strength of mind, the impression of perfect sanity which he received from this primitive spirit, affected him far more profoundly than the most sophisticated of effusions which, for a mind as cultured as his, would merely have revived old memories and recalled old quotations. Not finding what he sought, he suspected all manner of other things whose utility, whose intrinsic value, and whose very name were unfamiliar to him, yet which might well have their own inestimable price. The franker Akrivie's laugh grew, the more she opened her great eyes,

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seeming to invite his examination to the very depths of her soul, the less he understood her. To the attraction of her great beauty, a mystery was quickly added whose existence the poor girl was far from suspecting herself.

On one point she showed herself essentially feminine. By what might have been accident or inspiration, the idea entered the young captain's head of talking dress. Akrivie's interest was instantly and visibly aroused, no less than that of her sister-in-law. Beneath even the lethargy of her mother a slight quiver ran. But Norton soon saw that, to be understood here, he must proceed by slow degrees. Both Akrivie and Triantaphyllon considered a velvet dress as the height of *chic*. Golden bangles seemed to them the summit of felicity for the most exacting of mortals. Upon fashion, strictly speaking, they had the vaguest ideas. Yet Norton was never bored. The further intimacy advanced, the greater grew his interest. He was surprised when his hosts advised him that, if he wished to go aboard the *Aurora* before dark, an intention he had frequently expressed, it was time to start. His return the following day was suggested, and with such obvious sincerity, that he willingly gave his word.

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It is probable that lovers, like those elect beings whom the gods inspire, have a psychic illumination denied to ordinary mortals. What calmer minds would consider insignificant accidents, they are willing to cherish as signs, wonders, and extraordinary portents. During the entire day, Norton, who was, under ordinary circumstances, a rational enough fellow, had paid great attention to the conduct of Dido. At the moment Akrivie had appeared at the head of the staircase, Dido was lying in her accustomed place at her master's feet. With her nose resting upon her outstretched paws she had all the air of reposing herself after the fatigues of the journey. As the young girl descended the steps, Dido's eyes followed her closely. She went to meet the newcomer and, finding no notice was taken of her advances, followed her affectionately to the sofa. Throughout the entire visit, two black eyes that glittered like a pair of carbuncles, set in the midst of a shock of hair that was even blacker, had never once been taken off the young girl. Two or three times the retriever had even lifted a heavy paw and set it upon the knee of the human creature who had inspired her with such a lively sympathy, until she succeeded, to her visible satisfaction, in obtaining a caress. Finally,

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when the good-byes had all been said, it was found necessary to call Dido three or four times before she would obey her master's voice.

This strange conduct on the part of his favourite did not fail to impress the commander. Never before had such a thing happened. Never before had anything whatsoever distracted Dido a hair's breadth from the affection she owed her master and her master alone. Thompson himself, the great and magnificent Thompson, whose duty was to regulate every domestic detail of his life, had never received anything surpassing in its nature a mild esteem or remotely approaching such marked preference. At finding that Dido had no more common sense than himself, something that was almost consternation took possession of Norton.

It was already night when the commander went aboard the *Aurora*. As he mounted the companion and saw the lantern swinging at its head, as the watch came to receive him and he answered the salute of its officer, he had the feeling that his old life, the life in which he had till now been most at his ease, was welcoming him back. But this time his impressions of it all were somehow different. He was conscious of an impatience to be done with reality as speedily as possible and to immerse him-

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self again in his dream. Meantime, he had to listen to the report of his second in command. All was well. Repairs had already begun upon the very slight damage the corvette had received. The officers had spent the day ashore. They had already located an excellent cricket pitch and begun an exciting game, which they proposed to play out the following day. Mutton had been found that, on the word of the cook, was superb, and fresh vegetables had rejoiced the hearts of the mess. In fact, so the lieutenant assured his executive, Naxos was a splendid place. Norton, who had his own reasons for agreeing with his subaltern, assented with a faint sinking of the heart. He went below, followed by Dido, in whom, and again with a certain terror, he fancied he perceived an absent-mindedness similar to his own.

Once in his bunk, he could only toss sleeplessly from side to side. He lit a cigar, went on deck, and began one of those lonely promenades in which sailors are accustomed to nurse their vague reveries, their frustrated desires, their projects that come to naught, and the boredom that weighs upon their lives. From the extreme stern to the foot of the mainmast and back again he paced, his soul a thousand leagues from the little world of planks and cords in which his body was confined. The

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moon was at full, the night sky was soft, velvety, and set with myriads of stars. Like a general at inspection, his memory was busy with a strange review, the recall of all the gracious women to whom, at one time or another, he had avowed tender admiration. The Irish girl with the fair face and delicate features who had had his calf love just after leaving Eton; Molly Greaves, who had cried so much when he left his uncle's house at the end of his first leave; Catherine Ogleby, to whom he had been engaged and who had married an officer in the Guards while he was on the China station; Mercedes da Silva at Buenos Ayres; Jacinta at Santiago; a certain Marianne Ackerbaum in one of the Baltic ports. Yes, he admitted, he had been in love with them all, some more, some less — but he had loved. That is to say, he had hoped, he had trusted, he had been deeply stirred, through them he had known pleasure, suffering, fear, the boredom of separation, intense joy, real sadness. To-day all this was dust and ashes. But he had loved; and just as ashes raked together can be carried to a new hearth and made to feed a new fire, so from the memory of all his spent loves did his sudden love for the young girl of Naxos leap up, higher and more ardent than any.



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The comparisons which he was in a position to make between the sentiments which had engrossed his heart one after another and the sentiment which invaded it now, necessarily convinced him that this time he was in love after a new fashion, which was much stronger, much more imperative, and most certainly more penetrating, and which did not spare a single fibre of his being.

Was it only because she was beautiful? Certainly her beauty was not to be compared with anything he had ever dreamed of, not to say seen. But this alone did not explain the miracle. Who loves a woman to-day merely because she is beautiful? In ancient days, of course, among the barbarians! . . . But it is a very different matter with the sophisticates of our own day. An energetic King David, son of Jesse, bent at all costs upon possessing the fair Bath-sheba, of whom he knows nothing except that she has fine shoulders, has his best general killed, piles wickedness on wickedness, and risks embroiling himself for all eternity with Jehovah. For the mere prospect of abducting a creature reputed the fairest in the world, but whom he has never seen, however great his confidence in her reputation, Paris, son of Priam, lets loose a whole series of disasters. But these are far from being con-

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temporary sentiments. For Norton, the analytical Norton, no long self-examination was necessary in order to convince himself that the agitation which reigned in his heart was the result of something far beyond the influence of a pair of fine eyes.

Whence, then, did it come? Akrivie was not clever; her ignorance, indeed, was abysmal and all-comprehensive; she was void of the slightest shadow of coquetry; she had sought as little to please as to displease her admirer. If he had inspired her with any sentiment at all, it must have been one of pure curiosity; if any impression at all had persisted, it must have been one of the singularity of strangers in general, and of captains of the British Navy in particular. Nevertheless, in this creature, so essentially different from all the women he had ever loved in greater or less degree, Norton sensed some nameless quality that intrigued him, that charmed him, that made him the man in love he truly was. He spent considerable time in solving the mystery. Finally he seemed to succeed, and the solution did credit to his intelligence.

The conditions of life which created her background for Akrivie were exactly those of women three thousand years ago — isolation, a limited

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sphere of affection, absolute ignorance of the world outside. Hence the result it produced upon the daughter of Naxos was precisely that which we are watching when we read of heroines in the morning of the world. The inborn qualities of this young girl had never been effaced. They had been concentrated – a very different matter. Like some tree whose branches, instead of proliferating into leaves, flowers, and fruits, soar towards the sky, straight, strong, and smooth, there was in her a deal of charm, but even more of majesty, allure-ment – but allure-ment not devoid of grandeur. No curiosity for things without distracted her, not a single energy of her mind had ever been diverted from what had its covenanted claim to her love. The entire force of her character was confined within a narrow circle which no instinct impelled her to enlarge.

Akrivie, in short, was the woman of the Homeric epoch. She lived, moved, and had her reasons for being, in a household where she was by turn daughter and sister, awaiting a day when she should be, no less exclusively, wife and mother. In such characters it is useless to seek for originality; they are, they cannot help but be, mere reflections, and their glory and merit, which are by no means

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small, reside in that very fact. Nothing less resembles the accomplished woman, as actual society has invented and more or less reproduced her, who desires and seeks, succeeds or makes shipwreck, at her own risk and peril. So different are the two types that any comparison is an injustice to both.

For good or ill, such at least was Akrivie, and as such Norton saw her. With perfect justification, she recalled to his mind one of those beautiful young girls, painted upon ancient Athenian amphoræ, bearing water from the public fountain to the city, and watching with a serene and level eye, as heroes fight and die for their possession, until the chance of battle gives them to the conqueror.

Strangest, perhaps, of all, was this: Norton was a man of the world *par excellence*, meet for the best and most brilliant societies of Europe. Yet latent in his heart, and without his ever having been made aware of it by a similar accident, lurked an instinctive attraction for just the sort of feminine temperament whose revelation now took him by storm. True, until to-day it was precisely the opposite qualities which had most appealed to him. But, looking a little closer, he perceived that these attractions had never been enduring ones. Even

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the ruptures that ended them had come about without any such suffering as would flatter him into a belief that he was the perfect lover. To the vivacity of one of his mistresses, the tender surrender of another, the wit and intelligence of a third, some obscure antagonism in himself had offered a resistance which strongly resembled ingratitude and for which he secretly accused himself. And now he was in love with a sort of grown-up child, a stranger to his habits, to his manners, to his ideas, to everything which he ostensibly admired. And this, too, without any discoverable reason save her complete antithesis to what he had believed he admired before.

As a matter of fact, it was because he was an Englishman and English to his finger tips that the marvel had come about. The old Anglo-Norman stock, the most active, the most ambitious, the most turbulent, and the most devoted to its own interests that the world has ever seen, is at the same time the most apt to recognize and to practise self-sacrifice. Norton had been born into a class where rank and high social position are considered a birthright. But he had never relied upon the influence so easily within his reach. No man who had issued from the ranks could have taken greater

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pains to win promotion in the career he had chosen than he. And this quite as much through pride as strength of character. He had cruised in all waters, studied his profession tirelessly. He had read enormously, thought a great deal, and on every occasion where a chance for action offered itself, had seized it. As we have seen, he had an infinity of poetry in his composition. But never, in any one case, had reverie been allowed to interpose itself between him and the work in hand. To the world at large he had shown but one aspect of his character — its rigidity, its sober judgment, the enthusiasm, devoted to practical ends, which makes for worldly success.

And now it was at the moment when he saw himself, one of the youngest officers of his grade and with the way to high rank clear before him — it was this moment, we repeat, that he chose to cast a disillusioned glance over everything that had gone before! He asked himself what was the real worth of all the things for which he had striven so tenaciously. The question had been running in his head for some months. Each time it recurred he had found it harder to solve the problem, or rather, to speak more strictly, he had been forced to descend one degree lower in the scale of reason in

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order to return a contemptuous answer. It was at this crisis in his life that chance brought him to the island of Naxos, where nothing existed that he had ever yet contemplated, and had shown him Akrivie.

The young captain was absolutely frank with himself. Throughout his lonely walk under the stars, he perceived with perfect lucidity the cross-road at which he had arrived. He saw himself drawn apart by two divergent forces. It was as though he sat in a twofold judgment — upon the man he had been yesterday, and upon the man he would be to-morrow. All the energy he could muster in his mind was utilized to defer a decision. He told himself, not without a certain bitterness, that the card he was about to deal himself would be a decisive one, and that such a cast should not be made under the perilous influence of a sublime night and a troubled heart.

But he was a man of a logical mind, and master of himself to a supreme degree. To the great joy of Dido, who slept badly on the bare deck and had for some hours been anxious to stretch herself out on the bearskin rug in her master's cabin, he decided to turn in. He was up early next morning, and found the greater part of the mess taking a

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hasty breakfast before going ashore to finish their cricket match, having first donned the bizarre costumes which the English insist upon for such eventualities. High boots or low shoes of brown leather, tight trousers of white flannel, or baggy knickerbockers of shepherd's plaid, shirts of scarlet or sky blue, blazers striped with infinite combinations of colour, exposing neck and arms to the sun, voluminous caps or straw hats decorated with wide ribbons – finally the immense bat, main accessory of the game, carried over one shoulder – it is thus outfitted that all self-respecting English gentlemen offer themselves, on such occasions, to the admiration of the public. Whether the scene be an English meadow or an Australian savannah, whether the stumps be set beneath a Chinese pagoda or on some icy level within a few degrees of the North Pole, an Englishman of decent standing who should refuse to don this costume would be compromised beyond hope of redemption.

Norton wished his fellow officers good luck, and, having gained the shore in his gig, found Messieurs de Moncade and Phrangopoulo awaiting his arrival, still swathed in their antique habits of ceremony and choking in their white cravats. Hands were briskly shaken; and, mounting upon a



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mule, he again took his way toward the château in their company.

The day passed badly for Henry. No incident that could positively be termed unfortunate marred its harmony. But lovers have a faculty all their own for appreciating trifles light as air. The reception of the British sailor by the ladies of the castle was even more cordial than on the preceding day, if only for the reason that he was no longer quite a stranger. Madame Marie was no more talkative than before, but seemed more at her ease. Madame Triantaphyllon smiled at seeing her youngest born in the arms of the sailor from overseas and fearlessly taking up fistfuls of his hair. It was Akrivie's bearing, unimpressed as ever, that gave the lovestruck commander of the *Aurora* pain. The very absence of any shadow of change in it was proof positive to him that he had made no impression whatever upon her and was not likely to. This formula, by the way, has a prominent place in the phrase-book of all lovers.

Nothing, in fact, happened, and the longer nothing went on happening the more confirmed grew Norton in his previous conviction concerning the belle of Naxos. A struggle began in his mind between the civilized man, desirous of being loved

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and feeling he has failed, and the man, bored and a little disgusted with life, who is quite inclined to burn what he has adored and to adore what he has never known. He returned to the ship a trifle crestfallen, ready to swear that Akrivie was a little fool, and just as ready to insist that she was a lofty spirit, worthy to be his sponsor in a life better, freer, more rational and more becoming a man than any whose prescriptions he had followed till now.

This night he did not walk the deck, but when master and dog went below, only Dido slept. As the cricket match ashore had teemed with remarkable incidents, he was obliged to listen to an animated discussion in the officers' mess, which lasted until a late hour. When day dawned he had not slept a wink, and after giving his instructions to his second in command and listening to the customary report, which seemed to him, possibly for the first time in his life, a perfectly ridiculous and absolutely insupportable piece of red tape, he rejoined his two hosts, whose individuality seemed more than ever submerged beneath their perennial black broadcloth.

This third day was marked by an important incident. Norton proposed an excursion at sea to

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his new friends. The volcano at Santorin, newly in eruption, was made the pretext. A few years ago this ancient phenomenon of nature had resumed its activity, and the young commander praised the prodigious character of the spectacle so warmly that the inhabitants of the château finally became curious. Madame Marie, it is true, shook her head disdainfully and was unshakable in her resolution not to stir a foot; Madame Triantaphyllon admitted that she would like to see the British corvette – the rest did not interest her. Akrivie evinced a little more animation. For her, as for her sister-in-law, the corvette was the main attraction, but the prospect of a voyage was far from displeasing. Of the volcano she made small account. A mountain in flames was to her a pure paradox and inspired no reflections. The two old men were far more excited and accepted the captain's invitation with alacrity. It was arranged that Akrivie should occupy the captain's cabin; Madame Triantaphyllon was to accompany her sister-in-law aboard and lunch upon the *Aurora*; after an inspection from stem to stern she would return home, leaving the corvette to its voyage, which was scheduled to last three days at most.

There was no end to the discussion that followed,

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The most naïve and childlike questions were posed, all with extreme gaiety. But poor Norton again had the experience of noting that Akrievie betrayed not the most fleeting emotion of which he could conceive himself the cause.

The next day, everything passed according to programme. The Naxiote family came aboard at six o'clock. Breakfast was served and the man-of-war was inspected from its quarter-deck to its hold. Madame Triantaphyllon found the whole thing extraordinary. For days afterwards a strange confusion of masts, shrouds, sheets of canvas, copper cylinders, and smoke ran riot in her brain. What she found most wonderful was the great stern chaser. On this she could not make up her mind to lay a hand, though dying with the desire to stroke its smooth brass surface. Two hours at least before the party were rowed ashore she was chafing to return. It was the first time in her life she had left her family alone so long, and she was anxious in the extreme. She was hardly less concerned over what might befall her relatives during their unheard-of adventure and embraced Akrievie tightly before leaving the corvette, shedding many bitter and silent tears upon her shoulder. Finally she departed, the anchor was raised, and the *Aurora*, churning the

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water slowly, left the harbour and gained the open sea.

As the vessel proceeded on her course towards Paros, Akrivie seemed to shake off her impassivity and to pay a good deal of attention to what was going on around her. Watching her closely, like a gardener under whose eyes some rare bud is breaking into blossom, Norton noted that she was by no means as inaccessible to impressions as he had heretofore judged her. It was evident that she was trying to understand something of the people around her, and they, in their turn, did not fail to do their best to obtain one glance from so adorable a nymph. The admiration of the wardroom may easily be guessed. The first officer threw out his chest slightly as he passed her, conscious of the effect his snowy white trousers, irreproachable shirt front, golden buttons, and gleaming watch-chain must be making. The navigating lieutenant was not too absorbed by his duties to strike an advantageous pose from time to time, giving a careless twirl to his red whiskers. The junior officers made a point of having all manner of arm-chairs brought upon the quarter-deck from below and of compounding ingenious beverages with all manner of ingredients. The doctor, as befitted his

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sixty years, sought only to obtain some information upon the flora of Naxos, supplementing his scanty Greek with gestures that would have given Demosthenes, had that famous orator been there to listen, a sharp attack of nerves. It often happened that M. Phrangopoulo was in the middle of a dissertation upon some large tree when the man of science believed he was receiving valuable details upon some microscopic herb.

M. de Moncade was never done admiring the propeller, which was by now making its sixty-seven turns a minute. What captivated Akrivie were the middies, especially the youngest and smallest. Upon these susceptible youngsters the presence of a pretty girl aboard produced an immediate effect. But, as discipline forbade their setting foot on the quarter-deck, they were obliged to content themselves by devouring her with their eyes. She asked no questions, but Norton felt she was missing nothing, and was amused by her undisguised wonder.

When the corvette was off Antiparos and had just entered a narrow channel between the island and an islet covered with brush, Akrivie waved her hand in an admiring gesture towards the cliffs and said to Henry, 'They are marble!' They were

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indeed marble, of the whitest, and the effect is unforgettable. Vainly have the sea, the wind, æons of rain and storm breathed and beaten upon these enormous masses of a divine matter. Keeping all their pristine nobility, they display the pomp of an unsullied purity for league after league of sea-coast. Travellers tell us that the mere fact of Genoa being built of grey marble earns it its title of 'Genoa the Superb.' What can one say of an island where the very rocks are marble, and marble that is true parent of the predestined matter out of which Venus and so many thousands of divinities were chiselled for the admiration of the world?

It is not likely that Akrivie analysed her sensations, or found any reasons for them in her brain of an ignorant little country girl. But she felt, none the less, the full significance of the splendour displayed before her eyes as though by some magnetic power, or maybe, as love-struck Henry did not fail to say to himself, by that affinity that beautiful things hold one for the other.

It was decided to spend the day upon the island, and not to leave for Santorin till evening. Everyone was in high spirits at the prospect. If it is a pleasant thing to have a pretty woman as shipmate, it is a still pleasanter thing to have her as com-

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panion on shore. The sea air, the unaccustomed vivacity of the conversation round her, the sight of so many things seen for the first time, had brought colour to Akrivie's cheeks. Her eyes sparkled. She laughed happily at the frank rivalry to help her disembark shown by her new friends.

The nearer one drew to shore, the more apparent became the real structure of the island, stripped now of the charm lent it by the purity of the atmosphere and the vivid colours that are its accompaniment. It was in truth an austere spot, stony and barren, whose vegetation consisted only in scattered bushes and an occasional tree, gnarled and twisted by the wind. As soon as the keel of the boat grounded upon the beach, Norton sent several of the middies *en reconnaissance*. In a few minutes one of them, Charley Scott, returned at a brisk run and informed his commander that behind a little hill, not three hundred yards from the shore, he could see a big house. The party bent their steps towards it, and M. Phrangopoulo, after a brief conference with M. de Moncade, told Norton something about the proprietor of the mansion towards which they were hastening.

Five or six years ago, it seems, a Greek from one of the Ionian Isles, Count Spiridion Mella, had



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come to Antiparos with the intention of planting vineyards and competing with the product of Santorin. Whether he had succeeded or failed no one seemed to know. Successful or not, he represented, in this remote corner of the earth, the omnipresence and universal movement of European industry. Count Mella had been a good many things in his time. As a young man his name had been borne upon the rolls of a crack regiment in Russia. He had been aide-de-camp to a general; he had even made some stir in the smart world of Moscow. Resigning his commission, he had taken his way to Constantinople and busied himself with politics. Praised by some, suspected by others, he had had much ado to pick his steps with safety along the tortuous path he had chosen, and after many stormy years had compromised upon a business career in Alexandria.

In Egypt he had formed business connections which took him to the Indies. The profits of the enterprise must have been small. In any case, Count Mella returned to his Greek home with a very modest competence, and settled for several years in the Peloponnesus. Meantime he had aged; seventy years more or less were whispering in his ear the suggestion that for him the era of adventure

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was drawing to a close. He profited by their counsel to take to himself a young bride, and after two years of married life had come to tempt fortune once more at Antiparos. By turns Russian officer, Greek (or Turkish) man of politics, Egyptian merchant, commercial traveller in India, this Ionian count found himself at the close of his life a vine-grower in the Cyclades. His type is by no means rare in the Near East, and it is impossible not to concede it a deal of activity, a deal of resourcefulness, and a serene and stoical philosophy when fortune frowns.

As the party from the *Aurora* drew near the big house, a figure which Norton, from the description furnished by his friends from Naxos, imagined could only be that of Mella, advanced along the path to meet them. The count was a man of middle height, dressed shabbily but with some pretension to elegance, and by no means looking the age that M. Phrangopoulo gave him. He showed himself an hospitable host, led the explorers to his house, built in the middle of barren rocks, and drew their attention to four miserable little trees, about six feet in height, planted along its terrace, which could not help, he asserted, but grow to a great altitude if the wind gave them a chance. He showed them,

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with a mysterious and complacent air, five or six fragments of statuary, horribly mutilated, that had come to light while digging the foundations for his house, and began a long dissertation upon the ancient masterpieces which he was sure some day to discover. What he had to show, meantime, were only a few defaced specimens of the latest and worst period. The celebrated discovery of the statue found in 1821 in the island of Milo has become the favourite legend of the Cyclades. There is hardly a rubbish heap of any size in the archipelago from which the natives do not dream of another Venus de Milo emerging in the near future.

Antiparos is not large. It boasts a certain number of fishermen's huts and even a village. But its leading attraction is of another sort. Count Mella urged his guests not to lose such an opportunity of visiting the famous grotto situated on the highest point of the island. All the British officers were filled with enthusiasm for the expedition. Norton, only too glad to roam the country with Akrievie at his elbow, put no difficulties in their way. A boat was sent back to the corvette to bring some seamen, ropes, ladders, and torches, and the ascent to the grotto began.

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No island in the Greek archipelago is so absolutely barren that it does not possess a little vegetation in the interior. Like those beautiful women for whom the slightest ornament more than suffices, you may suddenly come upon nooks and corners where a little bush lends the scenery a grace quite incomparable. The region traversed by the British visitors was extremely picturesque. Their path lay through large masses of white marble, streaked, now with black, now with a rusty stain that in places approached the most vivid orange. From crevices where a little earth had managed to lodge, thorny bushes sprouted, from whose grey branches minute spear-shaped leaves, meagre and colourless, fluttered in the wind. Here and there along the ravines, which in winter time would be the beds of raging torrents, but which now contained scarce a cupful of water, thick clumps of oleander, ablaze with flowers, were to be discovered, as glory is said to be sought in the steepest and most inaccessible corners. Charley Scott, the young midddy from north of the Tweed, found a means of gathering two imposing bouquets of the pink blossoms. Blushing to the tips of his ears, he seized a moment when the rest of the party were behind to proffer one of them to Akrivie; the other he gave to Thompson with

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an entirely unauthentic story that the young girl had picked them herself and wished him to carry one. Thus, before the end of the day, Akrivie, in addition to her host of admirers could boast of at least two devoted slaves among the personnel of the *Aurora*.

Norton soon noticed he had a rival. Far from being disturbed or put out of temper, he felt his old liking for his young subaltern immensely increased by the discovery that his admiration was shared. Charles Scott had long been a favourite of his commander, who knew that his mother, the widow of a clergyman, and without private means, had put her boy into the navy only at the expense of dire economies and by resigning herself to a long life of self-denial. Nor was Charles ungrateful. A consciousness of all he owed his mother was always present, not only to the boy's intelligence, but to his heart as well. To live for her and for his sister Effie, a young girl about the same age as Akrivie, was the motive of his life. No idea save that of making existence a joy for the two women ever entered his head. There was no mansion or palace on which his eye fell during his cruises that he did not examine with a critical eye and promise himself to purchase some day to house the family

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idols. So natural was his urge to give them everything that it hardly presented itself under the guise of a debt. For himself, he had quite made up his mind that he would never marry. So soon as Effie should have wedded the youngest, handsomest and richest member of the House of Lords, he would be a fairy godfather to all her children. To tell the truth, the impression made upon him by Akrivie was largely due to the fact that she reminded him of his sister.

Norton thought as much, and spoke to the young middy:

‘Scott, don’t you think this girl looks something like Effie?’

‘Yes, sir,’ the lad answered, blushing more deeply than ever. ‘Yes, indeed.’

The innocent idyll was somewhat marred when another of the *Aurora’s* ‘snotties’ permitted himself some ill-advised comments on his brother officer’s infatuation. A brisk personal encounter was the immediate result. Charles was the aggressor and put such energy into his reprisals that his luckless adversary had to be rescued from his hands with both eyes discoloured and blood streaming from his mouth. The doctor, who was the sole eye-witness of the encounter (the first lieutenant, you may be sure,

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was not in sight), observed sententiously, as he bathed the bruised face of Mr. Scott's victim, that wherever Venus made her appearance Mars was sure to be within hail. The medical officer of the corvette was a man steeped in the classics to saturation. Nevertheless, he contrived a plausible story of a fall from the rocks to account for Mr. Sharp's battered appearance.

The party had by now reached the highest point of the island, and the entrance to the grotto, already visible when they stood on the topmost peak, appeared to them in all its majesty as they gathered under the immense vault. It is, in fact, a vast cupola quarried by nature out of the marble heart of the island, whose great height somewhat masks its depth. The ropes were uncoiled, torches were lit, and the sailors, of all men the best adapted for such enterprises, prepared for the descent under the expert eye of a lieutenant who had some knowledge of the locality.

One can easily understand geologists or naturalists who make such things their business, and can discover a glimmer of light in the inmost recesses of the earth, entering upon such adventures with a light heart. For other mortals it is a different matter. Scientists can justify the risk with the

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attraction of unexpected booty. If they break their legs or necks, it is all in the day's work and no ridicule attaches to the mishap. The same thing cannot be said of ignorant amateurs. In order to descend the grotto of Antiparos, it is necessary to creep like a fox down narrow passages that open off to right, to left, and from the floor of the main entrance. You enter the pitchy darkness, bent double so as not to dash out your brains against the rock overhead. You stumble with difficulty and in the most absurd postures over a wet pavement that seems to slide treacherously under your feet, and fumble in the darkness for the end of a rope. You climb or you toboggan, according to whether the gallery goes up or down. Suddenly it takes a sharp turn. You grope over the rocky wall with the hand that is not clutching the rope, trying to keep your feet, but with no idea, since everything is equally black, in which direction a fall is to be feared.

This is merely the first chapter of the adventure. It seems to end when you at last feel a level floor underfoot. But you need not be in a hurry with self-congratulation. You stand on the edge of a precipice, and it is as well not to linger too long. In any case, the second chapter is about to begin.



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Moving your torch along the wall against which you are keeping, closely but none too securely, you perceive a sort of opening to which a rope ladder is fastened. Of this you see only the head; all the rest disappears in a void of incredible blackness. No amount of peering can make out more, the pupils of your eyes still keeping their normal daylight dilation of a few minutes since.

You risk yourself upon the ladder, and descend, with all the precautions that instinct suggests. The wall down which you are crawling has sufficient inclination to keep the ladder from swaying, but it also leaves you very little toe hold or finger hold. You will be well advised, however, to persevere, having no idea whatsoever into what you will fall if you let go, nor of the conditions that might greet your overspeedy arrival at the bottom. You discover these when your feet have left the last rung. You are standing upon a sort of narrow floor, your shoes splashing in the water that trickles through the pores and fissures of the surrounding rock. It is as cold as a cellar and you breathe none too easily. Humidity takes you by the throat; the air is heavy and saturated with moisture. But the torches which flare here and there in the darkness wave to tell you that your ordeal is not yet at an end. You lower

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your head; you seize the end of a rope made fast to a sharp point of rock, and slide once more. This time at least you are done with a means of locomotion that entails suspension in mid-air. You have come to a plot of ground that inclines sharply. It is composed of nothing more nor less than irregularly-shaped masses of marble that have fallen from the roof overhead and upon whose sharp edges walking becomes a matter of keeping your equilibrium. Aching in every joint, you reach the bottom of the grotto, you throw back your head, and are rewarded as you deserve for your inept and multiplied efforts. You see nothing that is really worth the trouble of a dozen steps.

The vault, for all its height, lacks character. To begin with, it is clear whence you started, and you grudge the pains your descent has cost you. This effectually disposes of the sympathy without which admiration cannot exist. Then, as you gaze upwards, the impressiveness of sheer height is robbed by successive accumulations of débris and by one circumvolution after another of shattered and shapeless projections from the rock. The total space comprised under the spherical vault must be very great. But it is broken midway by large outcrops which form a series of small compartments,

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while, all along the faces of the cavern, long pendent stalactites have formed a series of *cabinets particuliers* exactly like the bricked cavities in which the more precious wines of a cellar are kept.

As for the famous stalactites themselves, they are the familiar horrors, so appreciated by the lovers of 'the marvels of nature,' so many great sugar loaves which have broken their mould, shapeless, unstable, big or small in the wrong places, and, somehow, pretentious without being impressive. The only thing which allays the boredom of the ill-advised sightseer is to read the eloquent testimony to human imbecility that is offered in the inscriptions left behind by his predecessors. One especially is quite remarkable. You can find it in a recess behind one of the bigger stalactites: '*Hélène de Tascher, femme incomparable! Trésor du Marquis de Chabert!*' Poor Marquis de Chabert! How long and vainly he must have fought against a natural but irresistible indiscretion before finally yielding to it in the uttermost recess of the grotto of Antiparos!

When the British officers had seen everything, or, rather, convinced themselves that there was nothing to see, the ascent to daylight began. Incidentally, it may be observed that if coming

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down is a troublesome feat, climbing back is worse. Happily, accidents were limited to one slight fall without great damage, and to considerable wear and tear on nether garments. Norton had sacrificed a few precious moments which he might have spent with Akrivie to the propriety of not leaving his brother officers in the lurch. He was somewhat rewarded by the effect which a terrible recital of the difficulties and dangers of the enterprise in the mouth of Count Mella had produced upon the imagination of the beauty of Naxos. So vividly did the Corfiote noble present these, that, while he was finishing a hair-raising account of a party of twenty-three persons, one of them a Turkish pasha, crushed to a pulp by a fall from the roof of the grotto, Akrivie, who took it for a literal account of something that had just happened, was asking herself how she was ever going to get back to her island.

It was at this auspicious moment that Norton and his companions appeared above ground and were received like heroes. So expansive was the joy of the young girl that poor Henry, who had little suspicion of its real cause, felt a vague hope taking shape in his bosom. Already inclined to exaggerate his progress in the esteem of his sleeping

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beauty, he began to lose a little of the mental balance he had preserved hitherto. It was from this moment, in fact, that finding favour in Akrivie's eyes presented itself as a possibility.

The immediate effect of his self-deception was a rush of high spirits and a charmingly communicative mood. Happiness and good luck are entirely separate things. It is possible, indeed, to be so taken off guard by the first as to neglect some of the precautions necessary to the wayfarer through this thorny world. But Henry was from now on in that state of mind where everything is viewed under so fallaciously brilliant a light that, for a long time afterwards the slightest details, the slightest incidents which surrounded the happy moment, are recalled as the most delightful experiences life has furnished.

The visit to the grotto had consumed a good deal of time. On the way back to the beach it was necessary to bid a hasty farewell to Count Mella. Norton had permitted the wardroom to make the strangers its guests for the evening, and a dinner, prepared with every elaboration of which the officers' mess was capable, only awaited their return.

Life in the navy, when it is passed at sea, always

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ends by subjecting marine officers to a twofold influence. During the first years of their service, love of the career militates successfully against the boredom of long days spent on duty. Nevertheless, there are occasions when its monotony weighs on the spirit and when any distraction which makes a break is ardently welcomed and ecstatically enjoyed. A time comes when enthusiasm has abated and the officer continues to serve only because necessity compels him; in other words he is disillusioned but resigned. In this deplorable state of mind, which is merely the despondency that comes from bondage without hope, his sole consolation is precisely this morose monotony which, at the beginning, was felt a burden. This is the real reason why old naval officers come to have a horror for anything which breaks the routine of their day-to-day existence and why they hate the presence of strangers, more especially of women, aboard. Such things disturb a peace that has become near neighbour to stupefaction, and force them, only too fatally, to think.

By happy accident, there were none save junior officers on the *Aurora*, and the repellent thoughts which I have just described were completely absent. Charley Scott was not the only one to meditate in

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secret on the perfections of Akrivie, or to heave sighs on her account. Rumour persisted that the old doctor himself had a restless night after this memorable day, that he discovered a new plant on the beach at Milo, and that a celestial voice, heard by none other, bade him call the attention of the botanical world to his discovery under the title of *Akrivia Incomparabilis*. In a word, one corvette of Her Majesty's fleet rested on the bosom of the ocean, fragrant, like some spice-ship of the old world, with sentiments of the discreetest and most delightful order.

Whether through a reaction to so general a sympathy, or because she found herself more at her ease, Akrivie began at every instant to display new graces and merits to the infatuated eyes of her victim. He perceived that in everything she said there lurked a nuance of delicacy and enthusiasm. She knew little; indeed, one might go further, and say she knew nothing; but her understanding was just and sensible. Her conversation was full of little peculiarities that pleased singularly even when they raised a smile. She had no curiosity about trifles, but seemed naturally attracted by serious things, and quite content if allowed to contemplate what she could not understand. More and more Norton

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found himself comparing her to the great-hearted daughters of Priam, to whom the duty of leading the chariot horses to the drinking-trough, or of mixing wine and water in amphoræ, was no humiliation.

This disposition of the daughter of Naxos to become enthusiastic over things that were either great or seemed great to her, found a wonderful opportunity for its display next evening. Night had fallen, and the only light was that which came from the stars, reflected in a smooth sea of a universal dark blue tint, when a spot of light, red as blood, appeared on the horizon.

Norton pointed it out.

'That must be the volcano of Santorin,' said he.

He glanced at the girl over his outstretched arm, anxious to see what impression would appear on her flowerlike face.

He was not disappointed. The effect produced was instantaneous and almost sublime. A profound and undisguised wonder was its prevalent quality. Akrivie seemed literally to grow in stature before the marvel offered her eyes. There was nothing obvious in her admiration. There was neither banal curiosity nor any pretence of conventional emotion. No expression of rapture issued from her lips.



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Everything in her reaction was sincere, frank, worthy of the exciting cause.

Nothing more completely beautiful, indeed, is to be imagined than the spectacle which presently revealed itself, in all its savage grandeur, before the eyes of the party on the *Aurora*. It was by now too dark to distinguish the contour of Santorin and its neighbouring islets. Their outlines could only be vaguely guessed at as so many masses of a deeper eclipse resting upon the dark sea. Against this sombre background, like some immense set piece of firework, and surrounded with a luminous nimbus, stood out the immense cone of a whole mountain on fire. Down its savage sides streams of glowing lava poured a veritable mantle of imperial purple, that seemed to sink and swell restlessly into new coils and folds, and to separate, as the base of the mountain was reached, into a deep fringe, orange, saffron and vermillion. A few of these burning fillets outstripped the others. Reaching the base of the mountain, they plunged into the sea, where they were extinguished in millions of fiery particles. At the summit of the volcano one detonation succeeded another, hurling into the air masses of phosphorescent matter in whose glare the thick coils of smoke became suddenly visible, to fall back

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into darkness as suddenly, until a new explosion lit them up in another place. A prolonged roar, like the basso in some terrible symphony, was punctuated by strident explosions, as one jet after another of molten lava spurted from the monster's heart. Some seemed to come from the base of the mountain, others from its heaving flanks; others shrieked and hissed at the very apex. The entire spectacle was as terrible as the power of Jupiter himself, yet so imposing, so serious, on so vast a scale that it commanded veneration rather than fear.

Akrivie passed half the night upon the bridge of the corvette, apparently unable to rid herself of the emotions that had her in their grip. She asked no questions as to the cause of the upheaval, nor on its probable effects. Norton did his best to explain it and to teach her a few simple scientific facts. But his explanations fell on deaf ears. Akrivie had little but contempt for an exposition of causes so miserably disproportioned to the effect, and altogether too pedestrian to correspond to the emotions with which her soul was full, as she watched it. The young commander guessed, and the surmise somehow gave him pleasure, that she would have listened to him with more docility if he had told her of guilty giants kept prisoner under the waves to

expiate their crimes, and howling out their despair, or of gods bent on astounding the universe with their power. Probably, as a devout Christian, she would have preferred to have had the whole thing expounded as proof of the power of Saint George or Saint Demetrius. In any case, the discrepancy between what she felt and what she was being told was so inherent that the beauty of Naxos forgot one theory before the next was advanced, and was quite as evidently composing in her own mind a notion, rather vague and confused, but quite poetic and fitting, of what a volcano really was. Norton, as he watched her, was enchanted to find her so much of a piece. Logical characters love their likes. The absurd causes them far less distress than the inconsistent.

There was little sleep that night, and dawn was breaking as the corvette dropped anchor before Santorin. On her bows lay the beach, dominated by the town of Thera. Santorin is really nothing more than a segment of the shattered crest of an ancient crater, a jagged rocky semicircle, which is broken open on one side, and falls away steeply, east and west, in a sort of inclined plain, towards the far side of the ocean, where, in prehistoric times, the summit of the parent mountain arose. The centre

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of this ancient crater has been entirely invaded by the sea, and is so deep that, at the very edge of the beach, soundings of sixty, seventy, and eighty fathoms can be taken. A few hundred yards away, at the only spot where an anchor can find bottom, a cluster of jagged rocks still rises above sea level. A little farther out at sea, volcanic eruptions, some of them anterior to our epoch, others subsequent, have formed a number of islets, and it was in the midst of these that the volcano, believed extinct for some centuries, had erupted afresh, upheaving the surface and once more altering the configuration of this unstable soil. Such is the general aspect of the harbour of Santorin. In stormy weather it is impossible to approach the island, save at the imminent risk of being dashed against its treacherous beach.

To-day, happily, none of these conditions existed, and the captain's gig of the *Aurora* had no difficulty in reaching the narrow ledge that serves as jetty. Horses were hired for the ascent, and our adventurers followed a path that clung to the side of the mountain in multiple turns and twists. After a ride of more than half an hour the summit was attained. Both M. de Moncade and his friend had relatives in the island. Santorin, like Naxos, once

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formed part of the duchy of the Cyclades and a certain number of families of Frankish origin still inhabit it. Destiny, indeed, has been far kinder to it than to the sister island, where the headquarters of the old dukes were once maintained. At Santorin are famous vineyards, prosperous trading houses, frequent communication with Smyrna, occasionally even with Athens. The old commercial relations with Constantinople have been maintained, and a brisk trade with far Odessa, where the bulk of the local wine is sold, keeps its inhabitants in touch with the outer world. It would be as well, however, not to expect too much outward evidence of this correspondence with other lands.

Its residences are like those of Naxos, built in the same fashion and to serve the same manner of living. You find the same big vaulted halls with one or two smaller rooms, the same precautions against some sudden invasion from the sea, and the identical neighbourliness, which makes the street a sort of common backyard to the houses. The strangers were received with the frank and pleasant hospitality general in all the Greek islands. The celebrated wine of the country had to be sampled and admired, there were lamentations on the damage that the exhalations from the new volcano

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were causing to the vines, and the dangers with which it was menacing the health of the inhabitants. Eye trouble, due to a fine and impalpable dust of pumice-stone mingled with sulphur, with which the air was laden, had become endemic. There was also much talk about the annoyance caused by storms, which are undisputed masters of this tiny island, abandoned to their full fury. These topics were soon exhausted, and, after various cousins to the remotest degrees, connections and friends, had been embraced, the visitors made haste to descend, to take boat anew and to proceed towards the turbulent spot which was the real goal of their excursion.

Everything in this new expedition was original, singular, and attractive. The sea was of a yellow hue approaching gold, and sheets of broken pumice-stone floated on its surface. During the early days of the eruption, the travellers were told, it had been littered with an even thicker mass of dead fish. The remains of a number of little houses, which had once served as bathing stations, were either submerged by the sea or disappearing little by little under a mound of volcanic debris. A pier, finished on the eve of the eruption, now plunged sheer into the sea. Everywhere blackened stones, over which

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hovered sulphuric fumes, were heaving restlessly. At times their motion seemed to be governed by a regular and vertical rhythm; at other times, breaking away from the mass, they rolled into the waves, constantly increasing the extent of the island, which bade fair, unless it were destined to disappear through some fresh geologic freak, to become very much larger with time. The whole beach was as black as soot, covered with smoke, and too hot for a hand to be laid upon it. The ocean was of such a temperature that anyone falling into it would have been scalded to death.

To land upon the volcano was out of the question. Not only was its base a mass of burning cinders, but streams of lava, flowing from unexpected directions, would have rendered the enterprise madness. Nevertheless, a means existed for viewing the angry monster at closer range. This was by climbing to the summit of an old volcano directly opposite. Akrievie was so assured of her courage that her habitual composure hardly changed as she begged her father and godfather to permit her to be one of the adventurers. The party, therefore, was complete when it started. At the most difficult points in the ascent Akrievie consented to lean upon one or other of her two

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guides. Sometimes she relied upon Norton, for ever at her side. But sometimes she dispensed with his assistance, accepting just as naturally that of Charley Scott, who, needless to say, felt the sweetness of the contact to the very fibres of his being.

The climb could not be called difficult. But it was very tiring. For two-thirds of the route the travellers were walking over cinders into which the foot sank at each step. Here and there along the path were stunted bushes that afforded a little hold at the steepest points, and the precaution was by no means needless, in view of the sheer fall to the sea that a slip might entail – a sea, it must not be forgotten, now almost at boiling point.

Once the ashen zone had been passed, there were a few large flat rocks over which to climb, a few sharply pointed ones to avoid, and the party stood upon a vast tableland, barren, upheaved, fissured, full of holes and crevices, from which volcanic gases had once spouted. Everything here was scorched and roasted, marked with fire-stains of red and yellow in a thousand fantastic designs; the rocks, piled one on another, lent the spot a quite indescribable appearance of violence and discord. In places splotches of native sulphur, large and small,



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covered the ground. At the base of some calcined bulwark, as though to hint at what might yet befall, a thick lazy column of smoke ascended and seemed to disperse its soot in the flawless blue of the sky.

Our travellers had something to do besides speculate on past and future. In their very faces, and seemingly only a few yards away, a drama of the present, poignant and turbulent, was being played out. By crawling to the southern edge of the plateau they might look down into an abyss that seemed some inner circle of hell – sombre, sinister, and chaotic, tortured from time to time by fleeting shadows which the pall of smoke poised on the top of the angry giant opposite was casting over the desolation heaped up by him æons ago.

At every instant the opposite flank of the volcano seemed to burst and spew out fresh torrents of fire. The noise was so frightful that, to be heard, it was necessary for our lovers of the sublime to shout close to one another's ears; sometimes, when the monster's voice rose to full compass, it was necessary to wait a few moments to be heard at all. At brief intervals a shower of pumice, mingled with fragments of half-calcined rock and stones dragged up from the bowels of the earth, was flung

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into the air, and it was necessary to be on guard against its too generous distribution.

Hour succeeded hour in this spellbound contemplation. Like some dreamer by the seashore, watching wave follow wave, Akrivie, Norton, and their companions seemed to lose all count or sense of time as one powerful explosion after another threw up its column of smoke and flame and scattered its rain of projectiles at haphazard. When one crisis of the drama seemed to be over, they waited for another. It may be mentioned, however, that certain of the ship's officers, more prosaic than our amateurs of the picturesque, had persuaded M. de Moncade to descend with them some time before, and that this little group of materialists was found later seated in the shade of a tree at some distance from the boat, eating plum cake and alleviating a natural thirst with ginger beer.

Finally, the hour arrived for return. Norton, as he rose to his feet, told himself bitterly that only a few hours must elapse before Naxos again hove into sight, that Akrivie would return to her castle amid the oleanders, that the *Aurora* would sail away, and that he would go on living the old life, bearing within him a memory to render its daily routine more intolerable than ever. Akrivie's growing con-

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fidence, joined to the impressions of the young girl that he had received upon Antiparos, had succeeded in convincing him that he was, if not loved, at least singled out for an especial sentiment. Norton was far from a coxcomb and never yet had yielded to suggestions that flattered his self-esteem. But, being the man he was, he loved with a certain natural measure of confidence, and after comparing what he believed must be the state of mind of the girl and the idea which he had formed of her character, with which he was quite as much in love as with her person, he decided, after mature reflection, to take a step whose supremely romantic character was, if anything, enhanced by the deliberation he brought to it. Englishmen alone are capable of these decisions, and if we are to understand Norton at all, it is necessary to understand, once and for all, that what he was doing was merely putting into practice the tastes and ideas of many of his compatriots.

In the remotest countries of the globe, and preferably in those farthest from any form of civilization, it is a common experience to find one of these islanders, who has settled down serenely in the completest solitude that local conditions have permitted him to discover. Rarely is such a person of

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the plebeian class. Generally he is a refugee from the great world, well born and well connected, who has once been, or may even still be, a man of wealth. In nearly every case he is a cultured being, with habits of elegance that find their expression in a strong *penchant* for simplicity. This simplicity may approach the savage; in any case, it is never vulgar. In going over the recollections of my travels, I can recall a list of these runaways from civilization. One I encountered at the extreme end of Nova Scotia, another in the forests near Sydney, a third in the mountains of Mingrelia, not far from Koutais, a fourth in that absolutely primitive region situated north-east of Greece, towards the Turkish frontier. I could cite many another from countries less extraordinary but quite as lonely and, morally, quite as far distant from British society. I can only conclude by repeating that a taste for self-exile and renunciation is so strongly marked in this people of powerful personalities that it infects their very women. Lady Esther Stanhope and Zanthé are not the only wanderers who have preferred such places as the Arabian desert or Damascus to the life of drawing-rooms.

Norton, then, was in the full plenitude of his racial ideals, when, perceiving Akrivie seated in a

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great arm-chair upon the deck, and for a moment alone, he went quietly up to her and said:

‘Mademoiselle, I love you. I would like to know if I may hope that you partake my sentiment.’

Akrivie bestowed upon him a glance of the most charming innocence and candour.

‘Certainly, monsieur. I like you very much.’

Norton was far from contented at the extreme facility of this counter-declaration, made instantly and without the slightest hesitation. It was not what the young commander wanted, and he resumed, with an air of the deepest conviction:

‘I am infinitely grateful, mademoiselle; but I am still anxious to know if you like me well enough to let me ask for your hand.’

Akrivie, smiling and with a charming gesture, tendered him her hand. . . .

‘I mean to let me ask you to be my wife.’

‘No!’ answered Akrivie, this time also without hesitation. She blushed deeply, the tears came into her eyes, and, rising abruptly, she went below to her cabin. Norton remained rooted to the spot, watching his house of cards lying in ruins about him.

The blow was a sharp one – one, too, that the young naval officer by no means expected. But it

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is for such moments of crisis that strong characters reserve their supreme and saving decisions. The *Aurora's* commander looked the situation straight in the face, and his argument ran something after this fashion:

'If she really did love me she would not be the girl I picture her, a daughter of antiquity and the simple life, an absolute stranger to the forms of sentiment. Of course Akrivie does not love me. She can love no one except her parents, her husband, and her children; outside of them, the world simply does not exist for her. I have been led astray by my cursed modern education. Let me get back to facts. What I have just heard, far from discouraging me, ought to make me more determined than ever. It proves to what a degree the jewel I have discovered is pure and flawless. Am I looking for the emotions of one more love affair *à l'Européenne*? No! What I am on the track of is a life whose elements are something absolutely apart. There is but one condition on which I can ever forgive myself this last blunder, and that is immediately to retrace my steps.'

Looking around him, he perceived M. Phrangopoulo and M. de Moncade on deck near one of the big guns. They were asking questions on range-

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finding at sea. He went straight towards them and besought a moment's speech. His face was so grave that the two friends instantly composed their own features to match it.

'Gentlemen,' said the executive of the *Aurora*, 'it is my intention to leave the navy as soon as possible. I like Naxos and I mean to settle upon it. Probably I shall take up farming; in any case, it will be my definite place of residence. It is good for no man to be alone, and I intend to marry. A woman from abroad would find it difficult to accommodate herself to a strange land. I prefer to give my name to a daughter of the country. If you see nothing against it, I would be extremely obliged for the hand of your daughter and god-daughter.'

This little speech was made in the most formal manner. M. de Moncade opened his eyes very wide. M. Phrangopoulo drew himself up with an air of native dignity and, perhaps for the first time in his life, did not allow his friend to speak before him.

'Monsieur,' he replied, 'I am extremely flattered by your choice and, in the name of my family, I thank you. But I would like to be permitted a few observations. My daughter has no fortune. At the

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same time, our birth imposes upon us certain duties and, in the matter of alliances, many necessary precautions. Of your merit I make no doubt whatsoever. Of your perfect honour, as you may easily believe, I entertain not the shadow of a suspicion. But I have no knowledge of your family and should be deeply grieved if, out of any circumstances that are a matter of the past, an obstacle should arise which all my goodwill to yourself could not overcome. In one word, monsieur, we are noble. My daughter can marry only a man of her own rank.'

Norton's reply to this declaration was instant and decisive. He was, in fact, extremely well satisfied with the turn his negotiations had taken. His suit, for all the enthusiastic love which prompted it, was being treated with the formality, the inflexibility, and the absence of outward manifestations of sentiment which are at once the first principle and the ultimate triumph of propriety.

'Monsieur,' he responded, with the frigid air which the circumstances called for, 'I am quite prepared to offer you, upon the subject of myself and of my family all the information which it is your right to demand. If you will be good enough to cast your eyes upon certain documents which I shall present to you, and to deliberate between



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yourselves, I shall be most happy to have your answer not later than this evening. Naxos is already in sight and the moment of our arrival there seems to be a very fitting one in which to know your decision.'

With these words the commander briefly outlined his social position. He justified it with a short extract from the Peerage and Baronetage of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Finally he brought up a Navy List, containing his name, that of the vessel he commanded, and his record of service. It had not escaped him that no word had been uttered as to his financial position. He was willing to clear up this point, but perceived that no importance was attached to it. The two arbiters of his destiny retired to deliberate, leaving him walking to and fro, his hands behind his back.

The ordeal was not a long one. In half an hour M. de Moncade came on deck to tell him that Akrivie's hand was his and that M. Phrangopoulo had gone to his daughter's cabin to communicate to her the decision taken in her regard. Only a few moments more elapsed before M. de Moncade, who had gone below to see how matters were progressing, mounted the companion again and bade Norton come and enjoy the bliss that was now his

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right. The young sea captain received the momentous news with a phlegm befitting his profession and nation.

When he took Akrivie's hand he perceived that her eyes were full of tears.

'Don't you love me?' he asked her gently.

The young girl shook her head from side to side.

'It is not that,' she answered, 'But I would have liked you to be a Greek.'

The story of Norton and his Akrivie is nearly at an end. The wedding was fixed for a few months ahead. Norton needed this time to resign his command, to retire from the navy, and to return to Naxos. The business was dispatched even quicker than he had dared to hope.

Eight days after the bridal ceremony he happened to overhear an animated discussion that was going on between his young wife and Madame Triantaphyllon. The former was insisting that the English were just as good sailors as the Greeks. Unable or unwilling to furnish any reasons for her opinion, she kept repeating, with infinite pride and persistence:

'I am English, I am.'

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'Dear daughter of Priam!' said Norton to himself tenderly. 'She is beginning to understand that she has a husband.'

Akrivie picked up her new language very quickly. She was told a host of new facts; she even read a little, but attached not the slightest importance to anything she found in books. Her husband took her for a trip to England. She was received very hospitably and with all the deference due to so original a beauty. In a Yorkshire country house where she was a guest an adventure befell her very fitting to make her realize her own merits. A delightful young man made her his confidante upon an intimate and personal matter. He was spending his nights, it appeared, deploring the lot of so superior a woman, united, by bland and barbarous destiny, to a man incapable of appreciating her! As a matter of fact, it is by no means too sure that Akrivie ever did succeed in understanding her husband. What is quite certain is that she understood the delightful young man less. England, if the truth must be told, bored her prodigiously; she showed her homesickness so plainly that Henry, who was not having too good a time himself, took her straight back to Naxos.

To-day she has two charming children who play

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hide-and-go-seek among the orange trees. She never lets them out of her sight, and maintains, as a tenet quite as established as anything in her Bible, the absolute superiority of her husband over all the rest of Christendom put together.

# THE CARIBOU HUNT



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CHARLES CABERT was the son of a rich father whose business had something or other to do with zinc. He had been sent to college like all the rest of the world, and had left it without knowing more than his classmates. As a young man of some fashion he had been elected to a smart club, where he lost enough money at cards to be rather popular. His friends saw to it that he did not lack female society, and, not to appear too singular, he resolved one morning to marry a lady of the ballet.

His father had other plans for him and the project encountered lively opposition on his part. For eight whole days the club was kept in suspense by the various phases of the crisis. Charles declared he would either marry his charmer or put an end to his life by one of those remarkable means which modern science offers to contemporary despairs. Happily, an invasion of his delicious little apartment in the rue Taitbout by the irritated Geronte supplied a third and less harrowing alternative. Charles neither married nor killed himself; instead, he promised to depart, within a week, for some far country, unspecified. It is quite probable that the retired zinc merchant, who was a prey to lively agitation, had had recourse to a stratagem

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despicable in the eyes of all men of refined feeling.

For sensitive spirits certain situations are painful in the extreme. One of them is to fail to carry out a violent resolution, broadcasted in advance. In every circle, parties exist only too ready to adopt unflattering explanations. At the bottom of his heart, Charles was secretly relieved at the measures taken by his father to prevent the impulsive Coralie from painting to her lover in person the miseries of an abandoned mistress. His heart might murmur, but there is no doubt peace of mind was the gainer. All that was left him was to decide into just what quarter of the earth his melancholy should be borne. It was a momentous question, and not to be decided without due regard for the rules of the game.

The main point was to show all and sundry how excessive was his suffering. This would be measured by the force of the distractions to which it drove him. Naturally there could be no question here of a trip along the banks of the Rhine, in Switzerland, in England or even Italy. Such prosaic journeys call for no interest whatsoever in those who undertake them. A few years ago, burying his griefs in the general direction of Spain



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might have appealed to certain heated imaginations. He might have exposed himself, or better still, have had all the credit of exposing himself, to unheard-of hardships, and of affronting the dangerous customs of the imitators of the Impeciñado. But the extension of the railroad system into the land of the Cid has dissipated the last of these romantic illusions.

In the course of his ruminations, Charles happened to remember that, a few weeks before the catastrophe of which he was the victim, he had dined, at the house of one of his friends, with an English sportsman who had been prolific of hunting stories and who had created quite an impression by a rather involved tale of the chase of which Newfoundland was the scene. Everyone had seemed to think the narrative piquant and primitive. Charles decided on Newfoundland. It would be far preferable to an extended tour in the Far East, which would be bound to expose him to a taint of archæology difficult, under the circumstances, to avoid. He announced his intention, and found that it made a certain impression. None of his friends knew where Newfoundland was. Their complete ignorance was proof conclusive to Charles that his decision was a well-inspired one.

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He composed a ravishing hunting costume. The boots were particularly good. Snug-fitting without being tight, with soft waterproof uppers and shod with soles that were strong without being hard, they had already won a medal at the Exposition of 1865. As wild rides on horseback, often by night, would be ordinary occurrences in Newfoundland, he conceived the happy idea of stirrups with a lantern attachment. There was a marvellous folding tent, which at need could be made to serve either as a boat or as a carriage. This miracle of compactness shut up something like an umbrella. It contained a bed, a camp stool, and a table, and took up no more room than – well, whatever is the very least space such things can take up. It is useless to expatiate upon the toilet-case – sublime is a weak word to describe it!

The weapons deserve a word themselves. There were two rifles, two revolvers, two bowie knives, all of the most recent pattern. In a word, the total outfit, delivered at frequent intervals during a period of a week, and displayed in the dining-room for the critical inspection of his friends, persuaded Charles, if only by the eulogiums it received, that shrewdness and ingenuity had presided over the choice of each item. It is true that not one of them

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was of the slightest practical use. But to insist upon the difference between the necessities of wild life and the manner in which necessities of wild life are judged by the Paris shopkeeper, would be painful in the extreme.

After a farewell dinner, at which the hardships of his fate were deplored by his sympathetic comrades for the last time, Charles got aboard his train and found himself launched upon the wide world with no company except the memories of his interrupted amour and his indescribable sufferings. We will waste no time in describing his embarkation upon a liner of the Cunard fleet nor his debarkation upon the quay of St. John's. No extraordinary circumstances came about to relieve the monotony which in their absence such details always present.

This young and interesting traveller was the bearer of a letter of introduction to the consul-general of Holland, Mr. Anthony Harrison. Having made an elaborate toilet at his hotel, he lost no time in seeking the man who was to be his counsellor and guide in the great enterprise he had undertaken, and upon which he congratulated himself the more as visions of the glory he was to reap grew upon his imagination.

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A hotel porter was assigned as his guide. The man led him down and across a number of streets, some paved in part, others not paved at all, until the two reached a vast wooden store. A big man was sitting just inside the door on a straw-bottomed chair. A blue cotton handkerchief was outspread on one knee. On the other was balanced a heavy ledger upon which he was checking a column of figures that three assistants were calling aloud. Everywhere, to right and left, all over the floor, and upon shelves, were barrels piled one upon the other, and filled with the dried salted codfish that has made the fortune of the island.

'Mr. Harrison . . .' our tourist began gently, raising his hat.

A strident voice from the other end of the warehouse screamed '888, 955, 357, 88, 49, 2543.'

'Mr. Harrison, please,' repeated Charles, bowing politely. 'Can I find him here?'

'Heh?' snorted the man with the cotton handkerchief. 'What d'you want?'

'Mr. Harrison, please . . . the Dutch consul-general.'

'I'm him. What about it?'

'I have a letter, sir, which Mr. Patterson, the banker in Paris, has given me to you.'

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‘Hand it over, my boy.’

‘What a boor!’ said Charles to himself. But he surrendered the letter.

‘All right, I see what it is,’ said the merchant, after a hasty reading. ‘But I have no time to talk now. Come and dine with me this evening and we’ll see what we can do. Good-day!’

The ‘good-day’ was uttered in so peremptory a tone, and sounded so like an order to vacate the premises, that Charles, almost without knowing how, found himself in the street. His dignity was ruffled, and justifiably so. He swore not to set a foot inside the house of such a lout. On second thoughts, he remembered that if he refused to meet the lout again it was difficult to see whom he would meet, and then good-bye to caribou for ever! Nothing would be left but to slink back to Paris without a shot. This judicious decision, born of mature reflection, restored our Charles to more moderate sentiments. Contenting himself with an epigrammatic vengeance, he turned again towards the hotel porter. The man, he noticed, walked with him side by side.

‘Who is this Harrison?’ Charles condescended to ask in a scornful tone.

‘Harrison!’ exclaimed the Irishman. ‘I’ll bet

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you haven't many like him in your rotten old Europe. He gave five hundred pounds this year to build the new cathedral, and a thousand for the schools. I'll bet he has fifteen hundred men working for him. And he's close up to the bishop. I'll bet there isn't a man worth him in the whole colonial government. Harrison? D'you mean to tell me they don't know about Harrison in Europe? What do they know?"

'My dear friend,' said Charles, a little overcome by the patriotic fervour of his companion, 'you surely don't think people in Paris bother about the big men in Newfoundland?'

'You can put it any way you like,' the man retorted. 'Everyone knows what we did to you in the fisheries business, and that there ain't one of your old kings and emperors over there who don't shake in his shoes when America talks to him. D'you think we don't know that?'

Charles inwardly made a note that consuls-general and hotel servants in Newfoundland were a curious breed. But he kept his peace, unwilling to start a quarrel with a domestic. The man continued to walk beside him, whistling cheerfully and philosophically.

At six the young Parisian was told that Mr.

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Harrison's carriage was at the hotel door. He was prepared by now to be asked to take a seat in a wagon. On the contrary, the consul's carriage was an elegant little coupé, with a groom in chestnut livery faced with yellow. Charles was still admiring the trim upholstery of this box on wheels when the horses stopped at a country house of the neatest and most elegant description. In the centre of a high hedge covered with flowers and creepers six steps of granite brought over from the mainland led to a sort of glazed covered way. There Harrison in the flesh, his strong legs well apart and dressed in a vast blue frock coat, was awaiting him.

'Hello, youngster! Come in! Come in!' cried the man of substance, reaching out a hand whose palm, Charles thought, seemed designed for more than five fingers. 'Come in, I tell you. You're late already.'

And the codfish merchant, gripping the tightly-gloved hand of his young friend in a fist like a vise, turned him round like a top and propelled him into the presence of six young ladies and eight young men, the shortest of whom overtopped him by at least a head.

'These are the kids,' said Harrison.

At the far side of the room, upon an ottoman, a

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dignified lady was sitting, remarkable for a front tooth that had definitely parted company with its companions and protruded over her lower lip at least half an inch. This lady wore an immense mobcap, a gown of black silk, its ample folds replete with majesty, and a gold watch attached to a chain like a cable.

‘My wifel’ bawled Harrison.

Standing close to one window was a species of giant, resembling the Caligorant of Pulci, as broad across the shoulders as a child of eight is high. His enormous head was covered with a forest of brown hair just beginning to grizzle, plastered down in great elf locks. He was clothed rather than dressed in a black suit ample enough to provide material for four ordinary mortals. His neck moved freely in a sky-blue cravat, and the eyes that looked the new arrival over stolidly were of much the same colour.

‘My friend, Mr. Barton,’ shouted Harrison, with evident relief at having got over the list of presentations. ‘You will know him better later on.’

Charles’ head whirled. He looked to his right, he bowed to his left; the women returned his salute, the men hardly at all, and a move was made to the dining-room.



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A faint attempt at conversation on his part with Mrs. Harrison encouraged the good lady to many confidences. For several years, it seemed, she had suffered from repeated attacks of toothache. She described her symptoms minutely and asked her young guest if he had any experience in the matter. Charles did his best to remember a few of the more familiar remedies, but he had not come prepared for so technical a discussion and was obliged, not to seem absolutely ignorant, to compromise upon the Dubarry Revalescière specific. He was entering upon a warm eulogium of its qualities, when the voices around him became so loud that he was absolutely forced to turn his head to listen. Mrs. Harrison, perceiving his interest failing, abandoned her efforts to entertain and left him to take what share he might in the general conversation. This was carried on in loud and powerful tones. It was punctuated with roars of laughter, with cries of indignation, and from time to time with heavy blows that made everything upon the table jump and ring.

‘What did I tell him?’ the eldest son, William, was shouting. ‘I told him this! The Presbyterians are a pack of asses, and everyone knows the Methodists aren’t worth much more. At the last

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elections we agreed to vote for their man Nigby at Plaisance. But that don't mean we're going to do it again. Why did they beat us in the final ballot? Because the blackguards had been bribed with Puritan money.'

'I could have told you that long ago' (Edward Harrison was interrupting the speaker). 'But Henry here pretended there was no risk.'

'It's all Harriet Poole' (this in the silvery voice of Miss Louisa). The observation seemed to excite general hilarity.

'Harriet Poole had nothing to do with it. And if she had, I don't see anything more wonderful than when Louisa passes half her time at Virginia Bayley's just to talk to Tom Bayley, who is a Baptist.'

' 'Tisn't true!' retorted Louisa, blushing to the tips of her ears, in the midst of fresh shouts of mirth.

'Oh, my dear,' murmured her sister Jenny, but loud enough to be heard by everyone, 'you know it is!'

The voice of Harrison rose above the storm.

'I'm of the opinion that it's time it was over, once and for all, and I'm going to say as much to the bishop. I'm going to say: "Everyone knows it ain't pleasant for bishops to give way. But if we

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want to settle a question that concerns the sacredest interests of the colony – I mean the exportation of codfish and restrictions on bait – we've got to swallow our prejudices and vote with Codham and his gang, anyhow till the question is settled." And I bet the bishop agrees with me! And that's the whole story! Now I want to drink a toast.'

A sudden silence fell on the party. Harrison rose to his feet, took his glass in his right hand, set his left squarely on the table in the attitude of an orator who has made up his mind to move a great meeting to enthusiasm, and began:

'Gentlemen and ladies! Philosophers rightly tell us that, far from being frontiers, rivers are the great natural routes of the world. What then shall we say of the oceans, greatest of all bodies of water, and of America, happy enough to see its shores bathed in every part by this great natural highway?'

A flattering murmur rewarded this exordium. Harrison raised his voice as he went on:

'Be sure of this: It is through the sea that the world will be regenerated. It is by way of the sea that America will bestow some little part of her force, some little part of her virtue, some little part of her genius, some little part of her riches, upon the suffering Old World, especially on that miser-

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able continent of Europe, sinking at this moment under the burden of its ignorance, of its misery, and of its enslavement!’

Enthusiasm knew no bounds. The eyes of every one of the eight sons bulged as they drank in the paternal eloquence. The six daughters were as red as six little turkey cocks, and George Barton emitted a low rumble in the most encouraging fashion. Mrs. Harrison carried her hand to her left cheek as though to indicate the onset of some excruciating shooting pain. Harrison indulged his audience with a smile of justified self-satisfaction, and proceeded:

‘This is why, my dear fellow citizens, I rise to propose a toast to our new friend, Mr. Charles Cabert, to welcome him to our free country and to assure him from the bottom of my heart that the observations he will be in a position to make, and the experience which lies before him, will be calculated to convince him fully of the superiority of our institutions and the greatness of our future destinies.’

The orator sat down. Charles bowed his thanks, emptied his glass, and believed the incident was at an end, when Mr. George Barton thundered in a stentorian voice:

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'Your turn, sir. Speech! Speech!'

'My God!' said the young clubman to himself. 'What am I to say?'

Every eye was riveted on his face. Abandoning hope, he tottered to his feet.

'Ladies and gentlemen,' began the orator in a shaky voice, 'pardon a stranger obliged to make use of a language which is not altogether his own, although . . . even though . . . in these times of high civilization . . . naturally . . . I mean, all men are brothers and made to understand one another.'

This was not so bad. At all events the audience seemed to like it. So flattering was their murmur of applause that Charles felt he had made a good start and went on with more confidence.

'Commerce . . . no . . . yes . . . I mean commerce and industry lighted up by science, and science in its turn following the counsels of experience, are, in a certain degree, to be considered as the pillars of modern society, of which I do not hesitate to affirm that America, with her astounding works . . . er . . . I mean to say that America, with her astounding works lighted up by science, is incontestably the crown of liberty!'

'Hear! hear! hurrah!' shouted Harrison, his sons,

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and Barton in unison, jumping about in their seats. The six young girls rapped upon their glasses with the tips of their dessert knives. Beside himself with pride at what he had done, Charles raised his own voice almost to a shout:

‘That is why, proud as I am to set my foot on this virgin soil, free from all the passions which desolate less fortunate countries, I propose the health of Mr. Harrison, that man of honour and integrity, of Mrs. Harrison, model of all mothers of families, of the Misses Harrison, to whose grace no praises could do justice, and finally of Mr. Harrison’s sons and of Mr. Barton, those eminent citizens of the most beautiful of all the countries of the world.’

Charles attempted to sit down, but was not permitted. He was caught up by his host, embraced, patted on the back, passed on to another, hugged and applauded by each one in turn, and declared to be the ‘best fellow,’ the ‘jolliest boy’ they had ever met. Half stifled by congratulations, he was allowed at last to sink back in his chair.

It was late, and Charles suggested taking leave. But he was told that his baggage had been brought from the hotel and taken to an extremely well furnished bedroom, where the master of the house,

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after personally assuring himself that nothing was lacking to his comfort, allowed him to get to bed and rest from the fatigues of his exciting evening.

Night, to Charles, was a long series of vivid dreams. He was the Bishop of Newfoundland, galloping along the beach, at great risk to his neck, upon a caribou, which suddenly turned into a Wesleyan preacher, making faces at him. A flock of flying salt codfish pursued him, demanding he make a speech.

His excitement, which was largely due to the quantity of wine that Harrison had made him drink, left him towards the morning. He was aroused from sleep by an irruption into his room. Looking up, he saw Harrison and Barton.

'Still in bed?' said the former. 'I am sorry to disturb you. But it is late, six o'clock at least, and I have to get to business. I did not want to go without letting you know of the arrangements I have made for you. My friend, Mr. Barton here, is the owner of a fine seal-fishing establishment. He is leaving to-morrow and will take you along. You can hunt all the caribous you have a mind to, kill all the partridges and snipe you want, fish for salmon and trout; in fact, every imaginable sport will be at your disposal.'

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Charles was beginning his thanks, when Harrison interrupted him and went on:

‘Barton is in a hurry, but as we don’t want to let you go, either, he has agreed not to start till two o’clock to-morrow morning. You can spend the day with my daughters, and this evening we are going to give a little dance in your honour. Come on, my boy – rub your eyes, jump out of bed, and try to amuse yourself, since you have nothing else to do!’

Without waiting for an answer, Harrison and his friend, who had not opened his mouth, left the room. Charles was a little mortified at the easy-going fashion in which he was being bandied about without his wishes being consulted, but kept saying to himself that all was for the best. He was too disturbed in his mind to fall asleep again, and decided to begin dressing, always a lengthy operation with any self-respecting man, but which he dragged out more than ever if only to convince his friends below stairs of his complete independence.

I don’t know whether they took the hint. In any case, when he descended to the breakfast-room he found the six young ladies already in brilliant toilettes, and not a single one of the sons. These, like their father, were already at business. He was



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now no longer a stranger, and six very pretty hands shook his own. Questions about Paris, its sights, its fashions, began. Charles had the happy conviction he was again cutting a good figure. Tea and toast, ham, cold meat of every kind, jam and marmalade, were served to stay his stomach until lunch time. The girls looked after their visitor with infinite attention, but Charles could not help noticing that, while the three elder sisters were merely polite, the younger ones alone evinced a certain desire to please.

The conversation was at its height, and Charles was attempting, with a rather unskilful hand, to sketch a new bodice whose charms he had just been vaunting, when the door was flung open noisily. A young man, very sunburnt, with curly black hair, eyes like two coals, a tufted beard and thick moustaches, burst into the room with a loud laugh. Jenny blushed deeply, rose, and went over to the new arrival, whose hand she shook with undisguised interest. At the same instant Harrison entered the room from another side.

‘Good morning, little ladies! How are you all?’ cried the new arrival whom Jenny had welcomed so cordially. ‘Morning, Harrison! How’s the old dad? How’s the precious health? Very well? So

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much the better! So much the better, I tell you. Long live love and green ould Ireland! Ah! is that you, Monsieur le Français? I'm charmed to see you. We were speaking of you just now down at the harbour. You just escaped being the cause of an article that, I'll bet, would have tumbled the Colonial Ministry down like a pack of cards and sent the governor back to England with a shower of praties in the small of his back!

'I escaped? . . . ' repeated Charles, in sheer amazement.

'Yes, you! Your very own self! Jenny, me angel, give me a cup of tea and eight slices of bread and butter.'

Jenny, who had never ceased to regard the new-comer with undisguised admiration since his noisy entrance, hastened to obey, while he continued his explanation:

'Yes, I was going to settle your hash in my paper the *Commercial Informer*, and this was how I was going to set about it. This was to be my lead:

'“The governments of Europe, at the end of their resources, reduced to despair by the intrepid attitude of the Colonial Parliament, forced to recoil before the redoubtable manifestations of a free people, have decided to resort to manœuvres of a

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shameless duplicity. We learn from a reliable source, in fact, from our Paris correspondent" [I need not tell you, dear Mr. Rupert, that I have no correspondent at Paris; but these things please our subscribers] . . . where was I? . . . Oh! "we learn that a certain Rupert. . . ."

'Cabert,' murmured Jenny under her breath.

'Cabert? Thank you, Jen! You're the best girl in the world! . . . "Cabert, Robert, Rupert, Cabert . . . a man of the lowest reputation, employed for years past in the most revolting functions of the political secret service. . . ."'

'Here!' cried Charles. 'One moment! . . .'

'Silence, young man. Allow me to finish. . . . Oh yes: ". . . has just arrived at Saint John's with the declared intention of buying the connivance of our enemies! We call upon the corrupt government which oppresses us to explain its continual conferences with this Robert! . . ."' The strange being looked up from his copy. 'I had just reached this,' he explained, 'when I was told that you were a friend of the Harrisons. From now on you were my friend for life—to death! Have a lawsuit if you want one. I am your lawyer. Have a quarrel. I never miss my man! Don't ask me for money, for I haven't got any, but lend me some if you like,

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and I promise not to pay it back. It's too bad, though, that you are a friend of Harrison's.'

'Sir!' cried Charles. 'This goes beyond a joke. Do you mean to tell me you meant to slander me in this — in this? . . .'

'Ah, forget it, please! But if we had been able to do what we wanted with my story, think what it would have meant to me! I would have been a made man. I would marry Jenny here, and her crocodile of a father couldn't go on refusing her to me, under the pretext that I don't own a red cent. And how much worse off would you be? But I've talked long enough and must get down to the court-house. I have to plead for Hodgson *versus* Watson. Just think, that idiot Watson brought me his case first, and wouldn't hear of giving me fifty pounds more than Hodgson offered. So I went over to the enemy, flags flying, drums beating, guns loaded, and horses galloping . . . tara! tara!'

The orator, who had jumped to his feet, accompanied his words with such a vivid pantomime that everyone was helpless with laughter.

'What a crazy lunatic you are, O'Leary,' protested Miss Marie, wiping her eyes.

'Milesian good spirits, me little dears! And, oh,

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Miss Jenny, before I go away, I beg, I implore, sing me "The Last Rose of Summer" and warm the cockles of me heart for the rest of the day.'

Jenny sat down at the piano and sang Moore's famous song. Charles could not pay much attention to the singer, for while the two lovers were absorbed in their music, the conversation of the others grew louder than ever. Nevertheless, while giving his attention to an impassioned harangue by Harrison on the price codfish might reach before the end of the year, he could not help noticing that O'Leary, sitting on a stool beside Jenny, kept his head buried in his hands, and that, when the song ended and he lifted his head, his eyes were swimming in tears. He got up abruptly, drew the singer to him, considered her a moment adoringly, and left the room as unceremoniously as he had entered it.

The day went off very well. The young girls drove Charles into the country. Mrs. Harrison did not appear and no one mentioned her absence. Luncheon was eaten; there was a walk about the grounds; finally dinner, which was a most elaborate affair. Among the thirty-two guests were many notables of the island. After dinner came the ball.

Jenny took Charles apart a moment.

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‘Will you let me give you a little advice?’

‘I shall be very grateful for it.’

‘Well, dance only with my youngest three sisters and the girls I point out to you. They will all be girls who are not engaged to be married, nor about to be, so far as I know. If you ask any others, nothing will be said, because you are a stranger, but you will be sure to vex some one or other.’

The idea of considering any other human being’s feelings appeared so singular to Charles that he could not help remarking:

‘But, mademoiselle, am I obliged to find out first whether such and such a gentleman is interested in such and such a lady?’

‘You are not obliged to,’ replied Jenny innocently, ‘because naturally you are a stranger, but I am telling you. And, of course, if you insist on dancing with some one, I am sure she will be very pleased . . . only, it isn’t our custom here.’

At that moment O’Leary, with an immense white cravat round his neck and showing every one of his thirty-two teeth in a jovial smile, passed the pair, crying aloud:

‘Oh, by the way, Rambert, if you would like to dance with Jenny, please do. I am sure she will be glad to.’

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'Of course I will,' echoed Jenny.

Charles was not too well pleased by the permission. He flushed and said in a dry voice:

'Monsieur, my name is not Rambert, but Cabert — Cabert!'

'Cabert for ever! Hurrah!' shouted the Irishman. Seizing Cabert round the waist, he lifted him almost to the ceiling of the hall, exhibited him for a moment to the guests, and, setting him down again, pressed him to his heart.

Jenny rescued him from the terrible embrace half suffocated, red in the face, outraged, and exasperated, and dragged him into the centre of the first set of quadrilles. The figure calmed him a little. He realized the ridicule with which he would cover himself in taking O'Leary's breezy manners seriously. He resigned himself to a conversation with Jenny, who did not conceal her opinion that not a man on earth was worth the little finger of her ebullient Irishman. When the music stopped, Charles took a turn in the garden, to escape for an instant from the terrible heat of the dance room, where the guests trod on one another's heels. He noticed with amazement that a number of mixed couples, oblivious of the rest of the world, were seeking the deep recesses of the

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garden, or even entering a sort of kiosk absolutely unlighted, without any mother, aunt, or chaperon paying the slightest attention to them.

'Singular morals!' said Charles to himself, with virtuous indignation. His contempt for his hosts, their friends, the entire population, caused him a blissful sensation. He felt himself infinitely relieved. He was covered with attentions and almost smothered with cordiality. But every moment his sensibilities were wounded. He felt a certain oppression of the heart; he realized that his hostility arose from a secret and profound instinct, honourable, flattering even to vanity, since it proceeded from the exquisite distinction of his nature, but none the less rooted in a conviction of his essential weakness face to face with these brutal natures. Perhaps, at the epoch when the Northern barbarians invaded Italy and took their ease in the curule chairs without asking their owner's permission, the elegant Romans, quite unable to take such people seriously, may have felt very much as Charles Cabert felt among the élite of St. John's. As he sank deeper into thought, not without a little tincture of bitterness, for the rustle of so many skirts and certain phrases which reached his ear were beginning to have their effect upon his nerves,



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half a dozen young people surrounded him and begged him to drink a glass of wine with them, a request which he could not, in decency, refuse. Among them he noticed a junior officer who seemed almost as melancholy as himself, and, finding his general air distinguished, condescended to ask his name.

'You mean O'Callaghan,' replied the lawyer, his own face assuming an air of commiseration which Cabert, naturally, found ridiculous: 'Poor devil! He was born here, and went into an English regiment. He fell in love with that little devil, Kate Sullivan, the prettiest girl in America – after Jenny, of course. His regiment was under orders for the Crimea, a splendid thing for him, as he would have come back a captain, without purchase, and hadn't anything but his pay. But Kate told him: "John O'Callaghan, if you stay here I'll wait for you, if it's twenty years. But if you go, I'll promise nothing!"

'And he went, of course –'

'No. He stayed. He exchanged with another officer in a Colonial corps. He isn't a captain yet. But he sees Kate every day, and is still waiting to marry her.'

'He's a dishonoured man!'

'Dishonoured! O'Callaghan? Why?'

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'What! His regiment ordered on active service and he stays behind for a woman!'

'You must be joking! What harm do you see in it?'

'Harm? Anyone is free to say that he's a coward.'

'O'Callaghan a coward! The idea! No, no, my good and amiable monsieur, we Irish aren't afraid of anything, least of all of what a pack of fools may say. It was his own colonel who advised O'Callaghan to stay behind. There's not a finer fellow in the world and anyone who says to the contrary had best look out for O'Leary's two fists in his face. And they weigh something, believe me!'

'God! How I'd like to be at home, in the rue Taitbout,' groaned poor Charles, sickened at heart by this manifold violence. But at this very moment he was informed that George Barton was waiting for him at the door. He had noted the colossus among the dancers, in a black coat and a cherry-coloured cravat with blue ends. He found him now upon the doorstep, dressed in fishing-boots that reached his thighs, a greatcoat that seemed to be three fingers thick, a woollen muffler wound an infinite number of times round his bull neck, and a hat with neither shape nor colour. Harrison was

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beside his friend; Harrison's eight sons were behind their father, the six daughters in front. Little by little all the dancers joined them.

'Two o'clock!' said Barton. 'We must be off! Good-night, everybody! Your baggage' (this to Charles) 'has been taken on the schooner and you can change your clothes there.'

'Good-bye, my boy!' cried Harrison with a grip of his formidable hand. 'Sorry we couldn't do better for you. Another glass of wine! The old lady has a toothache and sends her regards. Fill your glasses, there. . . . Are you ready? Gentlemen and ladies, I'll give you Charles Cabert! Hip! hip! hip! hurrah!'

A general bellow of applause burst forth.

'Once more,' cried Harrison at the top of his lungs. 'Now then! Hip! hip! hip! hurrah!'

The windows rattled and the house seemed about to collapse.

'Now go back and dance,' commanded Harrison. 'I'll go with my guest to the schooner; my sons, too, and anyone else who likes.'

'We'll all go,' cried the crowd.

O'Leary lowered his head, seized Charles once more by the waist, and sat him on his shoulder. Regardless of the kicks rained upon his stomach,

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he carried him rapidly towards the quay, followed by the cheering mob.

Beside the water front, Charles was set down and the good-byes began all over again. Barton cut them short by dragging his companion aboard and raising the plank that served as a gangway. But all the time he busied himself, with the two men of his crew, getting the schooner clear of the numerous ships among which it had been moored and gaining the harbour entrance, cries of 'Cabert for ever!' could be heard in a volume that would not have disgraced a parliamentary election in England.

'You'd best take off those fine clothes and get ready for sea,' said Barton. 'There's your cabin!'

Charles thought it a good idea and went below. By the light of the feeble little lamp that lit up this floating hutch he had much ado to know where to set his feet, to such an extent was the floor encumbered with provisions of every sort and bottles of every shape – bordeaux, champagne, sherry, marsala, brandy, rum, ale, porter and spruce beer, with which the foresight of Harrison had provisioned his schooner for the journey.

'Horrible beast!' thought Charles, revolted rather

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than pleased at this tasteless munificence. He was so exasperated at the people into whose hands he had let himself fall, and so overcome with fatigue, that, instead of changing his clothes, and going on deck, he fell upon his bunk and sank into a deep sleep.

When he awoke he was dazzled by the light. He looked at his watch. It was broad noon. The schooner was tossing horribly.

'This is the last straw,' said the ill-advised young wanderer. 'A storm! Probably we started late, or we should be in by now. Anyway, let's see.'

Charles finished dressing, not without difficulty, owing to the pitching and tossing of the little vessel, and stumbled on deck. It was raining in torrents and a wind that would have shaved a cat whistled through the rigging. Barton was at the tiller, covered in oilskins from head to foot and smoking a fat cigar.

'We're in luck,' said he with an amiable smile. 'If we can keep this wind three days, we shall be home in eight.'

'Eight days!' cried Charles, surprise and despair at his heart. 'Where are we going?'

'On the west coast, I imagine, and, unless my

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island has changed its place, fifteen miles from the Bay of Islands. Where did you think we were going?"

'I thought your country house was close to Saint John's, and if I had known —'

'Country house! Say, that's good! What do you take me for? I am going to show you things that you haven't the slightest idea of in your worn-out old Europe. Anyhow, if you want to hunt caribou, you have to go on the west coast.'

One of the marks of a civilized and refined race is submission to the inevitable. It is only the barbarian who resists unreasonably. Charles had been passing his days, ever since his arrival on this gloomy shore, in taking note of one revolting fact after another, but, at the same time, of the necessity to accept each as it came. He did so once more, and all the more passively for being seized with terrible seasickness. Barton, who was about to show him a little seamanship with a view to his rendering himself useful, a thing, he hinted, which is always agreeable, gave up his plan readily when he perceived his super-cargo stretched out upon deck with a ghastly face and a prey to all the tortures of the landsman at sea. He carried him to his bunk, administered such tried remedies as punch, raw

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ham, smoked fish, and potatoes, and finally left the patient to sleep in peace.

As though the domineering Barton were master of the weather, the wished-for wind kept up for three days. Little by little the sea ran less high, the rain occasionally ceased, and there were breaks in the clouds overhead. Most of the time, however, a thick whitish fog shrouded the troubled waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the coast of Labrador was more or less veiled in mist. As the schooner kept close inshore, one noted barren stretches of beach, forests of dwarf pines, verdure dripping with moisture, and moss-covered rocks. It was not beautiful, but it was very, very wild. Charles was bored to distraction and regretted from his heart the idea which had led him to win distinction in so disagreeable a fashion. He cursed his father for making him leave Paris, his friends for encouraging him in his plan, Coralie for being the prime cause of his woes. Then he turned over and went to sleep.

On the eighth day, at four o'clock in the morning, George Barton woke him.

'Turn out,' he said. 'We're going to anchor the minute we arrive. Lucy's ahead of us.'

'Who's Lucy?' asked Charles, rubbing his eyes.

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'My daughter, of course,' replied Barton.

By a happy exception the day was evidently going to be fine. Through rents in the clouds a blue sky could be seen. The schooner, with the wind astern, entered a tranquil bay formed by two promontories of a rocky island. Not a tree, not a shrub, not a blade of grass was visible. To the right was a foreshore on which codfish were drying, to the left two or three wooden sheds covered with tarred felt; further inland was a fairly large house, of but one floor, built partly of stone and partly of frame. A few men were moving about, nailing up barrels or doing similar rough work. A number of dogs were playing in the water and there were a handful of children sitting under the lee of some boats drawn up on the beach. A rowing-boat, pulled by two girls with the precision of man-o'-war's-men, was coming towards the schooner. A third young girl sat in the stern.

'That's Lucy,' said Barton, filling his pipe afresh. 'And if you find me another girl like her, to row out to sea in a gale as cool as if she were sitting by the fire, or to find herring where my own men can't, I'll take off my hat to her.'

The object of this hearty praise hailed the schooner, and, while her companions sat in the boat,



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hauled herself on board without her father's attempting to reach her his hand. He waited to do this until she was at his side, and then with all the manner of a caress.

'Well, Lucy, my girl! As well as ever, I suppose?' said Barton with his wide smile. 'Here's a guest I've brought from Saint John's: M. Charles Cabert, of Paris.'

Lucy made a sort of shy half-curtsy. She was dressed like a young barbarian, in a dress of blue calico that a self-respecting servant-maid would have refused to wear, with a red silk handkerchief at her throat. But even while Charles was making this reflection, with justified contempt, he was forced to own that her eyes were splendid, her complexion of an incomparable freshness and rosi-ness, her hair as blond and as abundant as that of a princess in a fairy tale, and that every movement was instinct with that grace which art cannot teach and which a profuse and partial nature gives to the happy mortals on whom she has bestowed a flawless figure.

'I'm afraid you are going to be very bored with us,' said Lucy, raising her blue eyes timidly towards the new arrival.

'Ah! Mademoiselle . . . ' Charles could only

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murmur, bowing with that perfect taste of our own day which refrains from timeworn compliments but lets everything be inferred.

The schooner drew close in to shore and a landing was effected by means of Lucy's boat. Barton lost no time in communicating the agreeable news to his daughter that he had brought all manner of pretty things for her from St. John's.

'Listen, sweetheart!' said the big fellow. 'I have a wardrobe with a mirror-front as good as anything the Queen of England has. Eight hats – and as for frocks and furbelows! I'm going to have them landed under my own eyes and I'll join you presently at the house. I want you to take M. Cabert and give him the room you think best.'

Lucy, with all the dignity of a housewife conscious of her duties, preceded Cabert into a comfortable bedroom, of which walls, ceiling, and floor were in pine, and added, with her own fair hands, a table and a desk to its furniture. A maid-servant brought an armful of towels and bed linen, and Charles was left in possession of his new quarters.

'Beautiful enough,' he said to himself as the door closed, 'but with about as much to say as the fish she catches. Stupid, too, I'm sure, and not

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worth the silliest little *femme de chambre* at home. Ah! Coralie! Coralie!

He went to the window. Nothing was to be seen below it save rock, sand, and the grey sea. To his right were the cliffs of Labrador with their eternal pines; to the left, and farther out to sea, two towering icebergs, whose stately white bulk seemed to have been moored upon the waves from all eternity.

Charles yawned. He had a moment of terrible depression. Then he pulled himself together and commenced to dress with the charitable intention of showing his barbarous hosts what a man of the world really looks like, and of leaving behind him at least one memory that would last them to the end of their days.

For such a task time was required; indeed, it was two hours later when he heard the heavy step of Barton in the corridor outside. Frame houses are one vast sounding-board, and not a move is to be made at one end without its being heard at another.

'I've come to tell you lunch is ready,' said Barton. 'To-day is Sunday and I've invited a clever man who will be able to talk all the French you want. I mean Mr. John, the schoolmaster. And I have just seen Patrick's yawl coming in.

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Patrick's my son. He'll find you all the caribou you can shoot.'

Charles was a little huffed to find that Barton seemed unaware of the immense distance that separates a man properly dressed from one who is only clothed. The fact that the seal-fisher's neglect came not from impoliteness, but from his immunity to sartorial effects, only increased his sense of suffering a slight. He followed his host into the parlour.

A thick pile carpet, window curtains of red silk, rosewood tables, two great bookshelves filled with handsome bindings, porcelain vases with dry grasses on the mantel, and an engraving representing the death of General Wolfe at the battle of Quebec, were some of the magnificences displayed in the Barton best parlour. Whatever Charles might think of them, they represented the *ne plus ultra* of luxury yet realized in this part of the country, and visitors of any imagination who were given the happiness to contemplate the collection considered them a most satisfactory replica of any splendours London or Paris could show.

Seated in a red damask arm-chair, and dressed in a silk dress with lace at the neck and wrists, Lucy

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no longer appeared either uncivilized or ridiculous, and Charles was struck anew by the young girl's charms. Beside her stood a very thin gentleman, whose grave and worn features bore so unmistakable a distinction that Charles was not less astonished by it than by the new perfections he discovered in Miss Lucy. This austere figure, with its bald forehead and ravaged face, was an unexpected apparition. Instinctively Charles felt that he was standing in the presence of a being who was quite as much an exile from civilization as himself. But this assurance was accompanied by a sudden antipathy and a positive impulse of aversion.

The singular visitor, in fact, was master of the local school. Cabert never knew the truth about him, nor guessed that any other name was his except the 'Mr. John' which he had assumed. But it is necessary, for an intelligent understanding of the events we are about to relate, that the reader should know just who Mr. John was.

His real name was Sir Hector Latimer. In his youth he had occupied a position of some importance in the civil service of the East India Company, in the presidency of Madras. It is a matter of common knowledge that many young unmarried and

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fortuneless ladies from England visit India with the design of securing a husband. At a dance given by the 104th Queen's Infantry Sir Hector made the acquaintance of a certain Miss Geraldine Leeds, fell in love, and married her. One fine evening a year afterwards, and without his passion for his bride having suffered any diminution in the interval, he found upon his dressing-table a letter informing him that the young wife, despite heroic attempts, had not succeeded in returning his love, and, considering further effort useless, had left for Europe with Mr. Henry Heaton, of the 11th Fusiliers. Lady Latimer finished her letter, which she signed with her maiden name, by assuring her husband that she would always regard his memory with the deepest gratitude, and that, personally, she had not the slightest complaint to make against him.

Sir Hector resigned his appointment, returned to London, and plunged into drink and play. He spent his time with turfmen and in company of the worst stamp, rode headlong down the highroad to ruin, and might possibly have ended his days in the prisoner's dock, save for one of those unforeseen accidents that destiny knows how to bring about. Crossing the Strand one night, dead drunk, he was nearly run over by a carriage in which he recog-

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nized his wife and the officer with whom she had eloped.

The incident sobered him at a stroke. The reflection which followed it and completed its effect ran something like this: In case this woman saw me and recognized me, she has contemplated a human being even more degraded than herself, and I have nothing to reproach her with.

A few days afterwards he divided what was left of his fortune into three parts. Two of these were turned over to his sisters; the interest on the third, fifty pounds a year, was forwarded regularly to a lawyer at St. John's, Newfoundland, to be by him remitted to an unknown destination. Latimer himself took up his residence near the Bay of Islands, in a district which he remembered hunting over in his youth. Seeking a means as humble and obscure as possible to expiate his own faults and those of others, he became a schoolmaster under the name of Mr. John, and rendered inestimable services to the isolated trappers and fishermen scattered throughout the country. So far as was possible, he supported himself with the labour of his own hands, and upon the meagre income which his lawyer secretly sent him, found means to do a great deal of good by stealth. In short, Sir Hector Latimer,

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for all his Protestantism, and without dreaming that he was at all a paradox, offered a perfect example of that spirit of asceticism and rough penance which is implanted in certain English souls regardless of their religion. Such was the man the first contact with whom was so unpleasant to Charles. Instinct is a quick worker and makes few blunders.

The party proceeded to the dining-room and sat down at table. Charles had neither eyes nor ears save for Lucy and Lucy's beauty. His head spun at the little attentions of which she made him the object. Mr. John never opened his mouth. Barton talked politics.

'What party do you belong to?' he asked his guest abruptly.

'I must admit,' replied Cabert, 'that I have not any political opinions. I leave that as a luxury to those who still believe in something. As a general rule, I avoid extremes and confine myself to favouring progress and wishing well to the development of material prosperity. On the whole, perhaps, I lean towards the democratic ideal. But I prefer to mix only with well-educated men.'

'Are you trying to humbug me?' cried Barton. 'You a democrat, indeed! With that frock-coat



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pinched in at the waist and that parting in the middle of your hair! No, no, my boy! Do you want to see a real democrat? Well, look at me! I come from the Bartons of Somersetshire. We went to Ireland in the days of Good Queen Bess. Ever since, and it's a good ways off to-day, there hasn't been a hard knock given in Leinster that the Bartons didn't have something to do with it. My grandfather settled in Nova Scotia; my father moved to Canada. I came to this island when it was a desert; the English may say they own it, but they haven't the right to set a foot on it without I give 'em leave. The French may fish off the shore, but they can't land. One of your admirals said to me last year: "Monsieur Barton, do you know that I could force you to leave this place?" I said to him: "Admiral, I know it, but, as it wouldn't do you any good, you won't. If you insist on my moving, do you know what I'll do? I'll ship all my fishing material, my furniture, and my houses to the last plank, and I'll move up further, outside the strait, to Labrador, or to Greenland if necessary!" I don't know anything about kings, or emperors, or dukes, or presidents, or magistrates. I'm my own magistrate! I pay what I owe; I take nothing that don't belong to me; if anyone attacks me I'll defend

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myself, and I believe my two arms were given me to be used. That's what I call a true democrat!'

Charles could not repress an ironic grimace.

'What you describe,' he observed, 'is piracy and freebooting, but not democracy according to any known principles.'

'It's American democracy, my boy, and it's good stuff! Do you want to talk of principles? Lucy, my dear, tell him something about them, like a good girl. You've been to school at Saint John's. Show him that we can use our tongues just as well as these talky-talkies from Europe. Ah! there's Patrick!'

Patrick entered the room. He was like his father, and a little like his sister, too. He set his gun in a corner, and without a greeting to any one of the party sat down and began to eat. The conversation went on.

'You were speaking of the admiral,' said Mr. John, breaking silence for the first time. His voice was gentle and had a slight musical cadence in it. 'I must tell you that while you were away Gregory was married and had his four children baptized by the chaplain of the frigate.'

'I'm delighted to hear it,' said Barton. 'Gregory and his wife are fine respectable people, and religious at that.'

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‘With four children that couldn’t wait for the priest,’ remarked sarcastic Charles.

‘They are none the less good Christians for that,’ rejoined Barton. ‘We have no village on this coast, and no priest. Do you expect our young people to stay bachelors and old maids? When they get to twenty years old, they fall in love and marry like everybody else in the world.’

‘On the altar of nature,’ added Cabert wittily.

‘As you like; but no one thinks any the worse of them. When a priest happens to come by, often after several years, they take advantage of his coming. Where is the harm?’

Charles had no answer ready. Barton’s serious tone awed him a little; the grave face of Mr. John was an effectual damper on his spirits, and in Lucy’s presence, naturally, the full development of the theme was impossible. None the less, what he had just heard impressed him immensely and aroused a train of thought of a very definite nature.

Luncheon came to an end at last, the men departed on their several businesses, and Charles was left alone in the parlour with the young mistress of the house. It was evident by now that Barton saw in his unexpected guest from Paris merely a traveller, anxious to hunt caribou, and thrown upon

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his hospitality by chance and that taste for lavish entertainment common with men who have little opportunity to indulge it ordinarily. But the impression produced by the young Frenchman upon the imagination of his daughter was of quite a different order. To be quite frank, it must be admitted that, in her heart and conscience, Lucy did him full justice, and even found him charming. Cabert was the exact opposite of any man she had seen up till now. For her he represented, and in a supreme degree, that apparition of the stranger which never fails in making a strong appeal to women. He was of middle height — and all the men she knew were giants. His face was pale, his hair fine as her own. His slight moustache and the whiskers that made a little shadow on his cheek bones, left upon the young Irish girl's mind the impression of a natural delicacy which approached the angelic, just as the rather heady voice, modulated by irony, seemed to her the index of a decidedly superior mind. From being for ever under her eyes, physical strength had come to seem to her something vulgar and ordinary, and the slimness and delicacy of constitution that are its antithesis the height of distinction. With that rapidity of sentiment and decision found in its per-

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fection only among human creatures whose daily life is solitude and monotony, she decided that Charles Cabert was a being altogether elect, if not dropped from the skies, at least of celestial essence, and that the most sovereign happiness that could befall any little girl in this world or the next was to be loved by such a hero of romance.

In the great cities of Europe, when a young girl of family and position finds herself the host of a similar intuition, she knows that there is but one thing for her to do. Her imperative duty, owed by her both to herself and to the world, is to think whatever she likes, but to show nothing. Her reputation, her honour, and her prestige are all at stake. Every code of feminine conduct of which one has ever heard agrees at least on this point. In the New World things are different. There if a woman loves a man, she wants to marry him. If she wants to marry him, she must take matters into her own fair hands. In a word, it is her business, and the most important business she will ever have. She finds herself exactly in the position of a young man on the threshold of life who is considering whether the navy or commerce, the army or the bar, will suit him best as a career. Just as the young man must put forth every effort to earn his epaulets or

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whatever other insignia he covets, so must she have the courage of her choice. In America, if Juliet really wants Romeo, she does not let the grass grow under her feet. Capulet's rôle is confined to giving the couple his blessing later on.

It must be confessed that Lucy did not lose a moment. There was nothing dubious or unreasonable in what she wanted. She loved Charles, and meant to marry him as speedily as might be. She would have been amazed to hear that there was anything in this frank desire at which her idol need be offended.

Brave and beautiful, as she knew herself to be — devoted, tender, true as steel, she was worthy any man's winning. Why should she hesitate? If the young Frenchman did not want her, he would say so and all would be at an end. Only pedants pretend that logic is the same everywhere. Ideas are crossroads where a good many ways meet. But they are also crossroads from which a good many ways diverge.

Charles, for instance, was not blind to the good intentions of Lucy in his regard. But, though his thoughts started from the same impression which was acting on the young girl, they followed a very different route. He told himself that in a country

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where provisional marriages were everyday affairs, with priest and wedding ceremony a prospect in an indefinite future, there was nothing unlikely in the sudden fancy of a young girl for a chance stranger. George Barton's daughter was a charming girl, and it was certainly not for Charles to find fault with her if she found it difficult to forgo the irresistible temptation that had been thrown in her way. A Parisian of his experience and charm, perfected by a life of ease and elegance, and no novice in passion, is a pearl that is not cast up every day upon the savage shores of the Bay of Islands. What wonder that a pretty hand should long to gather such a treasure? Well, the treasure was quite ready to be gathered – but not to be put in a case, locked up, and kept for ever. Oh no! Love is love. It lasts or it doesn't last; it flames or it smokes; it goes out and is relighted. Who is to say what will happen to love? And what wise man would bind himself for its sake?

'No, mademoiselle,' Charles was saying in reply to a question which Lucy had put to him with an intense air. 'No, I admit I do not love poetry; in fact, I never read anything. I am essentially what you call in America a practical man. I detest dreams. Realities are the only things I care for.'

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I have never read either Byron or Lamartine, and Musset would bore me to death. I really care only for the théâtre. There, at least, one can look into the boxes during the performance and count the pretty women or talk to one's neighbour. Apart from that, I don't see what is gained when some gentleman or another puts rhymed words together to express a lot of twaddle. It is particularly when my own heart is possessed by a sincere sentiment that I find these insincerities disgust me.'

'Have you been in love with someone, then?' asked Lucy with a sympathetic air.

'I have not reached the age of twenty-three,' confessed Charles, 'without having suffered terribly. Yes, I have loved, I have ceased to love. And without doubt the memory of the tortures I have undergone would deter me from ever risking such danger again, if I did not, at this moment, feel . . .'

Lucy blushed. A joy quite heavenly suddenly invaded her untried heart.

'Ah, you have not been faithful,' she said, with a smile that the poor child imagined was mischievous.

'So faithful, so devoted,' protested the young Parisian, 'that you find me here, at your side, for



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no other reason. I have left everything behind me, family, country, fortune, happiness, to fly from a memory that rends my heart. Yet, you are right. Yesterday I was in despair. To-day if you would know the truth, I am so no longer.'

Things were going at this rate and the plot thickening fast when Mr. John entered the room. He was sent by Mr. Barton to ask Charles if he would care to visit the garden, the fishing establishment, and the vats where the seal blubber was rendered down to oil.

'To the devil with them!' said Charles viciously to himself.

'Until this evening,' he said to Lucy.

'This evening,' the young girl echoed softly, little dreaming what difference, wide as is the poles, may lie between a promise as given and a promise as understood.

Charles had taken only a few steps at Mr. John's side when the older man spoke to him, in the mild and penetrating tone that was peculiar with him.

'Monsieur, I have not the honour of knowing you, and you have the full right to resent any interference of mine in your affairs. But perhaps my age gives me certain privileges, and, in your own

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interests, I beg you to realize that here you are not in a drawing-room of Europe.'

'I fully realize it, monsieur,' answered Cabert with the ironic air which he used to such effect. 'Not to do so would require powers of illusion that, frankly, I do not possess.'

'It is just as well,' went on Mr. John coldly. 'Drink, then, eat, hunt, amuse yourself with whatever you find. But do not commit an error whose consequences may surprise you.'

'What surprises me is your own speech,' said Charles loftily. 'Would you like me to ask Mr. Barton for an explanation of it?'

The schoolmaster bit his lip. Charles was sure he had frightened him and laughed within himself. He felt he had divined the old man's secret. In spite of his leanness, his pallor, and his age, he must have conceived a secret passion for Lucy. Like the gardener's dog in the fable, he wanted to keep others from the dainty morsel which he could not touch himself. While he was congratulating himself on his sagacity, his penetration, and his resolute attitude, Barton came up with his son Patrick. He took Charles round the island and showed him all its curiosities; not the least of these was a plot of ground about fifteen feet square where, by means

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of soil brought by boat from the continent and mostly composed of decayed leaves, half a dozen cabbages and a few heads of rhubarb had been persuaded to grow. The visit over, the party sat down at table again to wait for dinner.

Lucy came and went. But at every instant some fisherman or another, his wife or daughter, the latter dressed in silk and with a flowered hat on her head, entered, sat down and chatted. The men were handsome fellows, with honesty and courage stamped upon their faces; the women invariably charming, with modesty and candour in their regard and speech. Charles chafed at so many interruptions and the delay to his *dénouement* with Miss Lucy that they were causing.

‘Just think what they’ll say in Paris,’ he kept telling himself. ‘Nothing less than that I am like Cæsar! I came; I saw (or rather I was seen); I conquered! In less than a day – in twelve hours, if I can manage to speak to the sweet little vixen alone for one moment. *Ma foié!* I’d like to know of anything better that those old devils Richelieu or Lauzun ever did for themselves!’

By sheer force of eating through the afternoon, dinner-time arrived, and absorbed everyone. Mr. John had to return that evening to the mainland.

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Barton and Patrick, who had not opened their lips since morning and whose silence was so much an affair of custom that no one noticed it, undertook to take the schoolmaster across the bay in a fishing-boat. Charles, to his extreme joy, and even with some emotion, though this he would have died rather than confess, found himself at last alone with Lucy.

Like the master of strategy he was, he judged that no time need be wasted in idle manœuvres and that the hour of final action had come.

‘Mademoiselle,’ he said in an ardent voice, ‘pray listen to me. Souls like ours have no need of phrases and detest hypocrisy. Both you and I are above such things. As I told you this morning, I have loved! Yes, I loved a divine woman, adorned with every excellence art and intelligence can lend a human creature. Circumstances upon which I cannot dwell without my heart breaking have separated us for ever. Can you care for the suffering soul that I lay at your feet? Will you help me to forget a past I hate? Will you open for me, with that charming hand, a future full of felicity and pure aspirations towards the ideal?’

This was, of course, not quite what Charles meant, but modern polite phraseology demands

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certain tergiversations which deceive no properly instructed person. Unfortunately, Lucy was not properly instructed. She answered simply and frankly:

‘I will love you so well that you will regret nothing. If sometimes, in spite of myself, I feel my inferiority to the sublime object of your old affection, it will only make me more thankful to God and more joyful within myself for the honour you have done me.’

‘Ah, Lucy!’ cried Charles, ‘my destiny is at your feet.’

‘For ever,’ said Lucy with adorable ingenuousness.

At this moment Patrick returned to the room. He sat down in an arm-chair, and looked Cabert full in the face. Charles, despite himself, felt a slight shiver run through him and had much ado to keep a bold countenance.

‘How soon you are back!’ said Lucy. ‘Did you go to Grande-Terre?’

For reply Patrick shrugged his shoulders and pointed towards the window. Lucy perceived that a stiff gale was blowing. Soon afterward Barton came in with Mr. John, and all prospects of a solitude *à deux* was at an end. Poor Lucy’s joy, how-

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ever, was only too evident. So few pains did she take to hide it, so full was she of little coquetries and even tendernesses for her lover, that Charles's uneasiness was extreme. He went so far as to qualify such frank conduct to himself as a mark of extremely bad taste, and was almost relieved when Barton, who had slept in his arm-chair all the evening, rose to his feet, stretched his great limbs, and with a cavernous yawn announced that it was time for bed.

Charles was of too nervous and high-strung a temperament to fall asleep at one blow, like the gross spirits who were under the same roof with him. He was in the mood, if he had not held all such outward manifestations in just contempt, to intone a positive pæan of triumph. Barton's barren little island now appeared to him as a realm of enchantment. He recalled something he had seen upon a travel poster in a railway station picturing the enchantments of Tahiti and the South Seas. He stifled a laugh as he thought of the effect at his club when he recounted his adventures by land and sea.

Up to now he had relied, none too confidently, upon his exploits against the caribou to make an impression. Here was something of a very different

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order he would have to retail. One ravishing vision after another passed before his eyes. As a matter of fact, in spite of himself and all his boast of being a practical spirit, Charles was really a poet. Such a poet was he, indeed, that at six o'clock, unable to stay in bed a moment longer, he dressed himself hastily with the idea of walking by the sea and mingling his happiness with the nature which in every land and clime, as is notorious, is so propitious an ally of lovers.

But as he passed before the parlour door it was flung wide open and he found himself facing Barton and his son. The eyes of the two giants were sparkling with joy. Pride and happiness were painted on their heavy faces.

'Gimme your hand, my boy!' cried out the elder. 'Gimme your hand! Give it to Patrick. Put it right there! Didn't I like you right away? Didn't I guess that you were a sterling chap on the boat – at Saint John's – and that the saints had brought us together? Sit down there. What an old fool I am to get excited! But you'll have to forgive old Barton. Wait till you're a father yourself; then you'll know how it feels!'

'I beg your pardon?' stammered Charles.

'Just think,' went on the exuberant parent, 'last

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night after you had left the room, that little minx Lucy fell into my arms crying, and told me a heap of things I hadn't the least idea of. However, fool as I am, I managed to make out that you two were engaged.'

Charles grew scarlet and tried to speak, but his lips could not form a word. The implacable father grinned knowingly and went on:

'Well, well, you're not making any mistake. A better, braver girl than Lucy is not to be found in the world, Old or New, and I'll say this of you — you've shown more sense in one of your little fingers than all the philosophers of two hemispheres in all their skulls put together! It's a good thing for you, but I know it's a good thing for her, too. Old Harrison told me something about you. Your father is a rich man, and so are you. Here's what I have arranged with Patrick on my side. We're Bartons of Somerset and I don't intend Lucy to marry like a pauper. We will leave on the schooner to-morrow for Saint John's; the archbishop will marry you two children; I'll hand over what I have in the bank and my shares in the Halifax Railroad; you'll start a business house for the export of oil, and I'll offer to be hung, my lad, if, before your eldest son makes his first com-



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munion, we're not the richest two men in the colony.'

While tracing this enchanting picture of the future, Barton was beside himself with joy. Patrick, who uttered not a word, contented himself with a deep inward chuckle, wagging his head from side to side to signify full and heartfelt approval.

Charles was now frantic with terror. He felt danger upon him, its mouth open and its hot breath on his cheek. He realized that not a moment was to be lost if he did not wish to be devoured.

'My dear Mr. Barton,' he faltered at last, 'I don't understand you at all. I'm terribly afraid there is some misunderstanding.'

'Misunderstanding! . . .'

'I mean a misunderstanding that prevents us from. . . .'

'Are you engaged to Lucy — yes or no?'

'I certainly never told her so.'

'What did you tell her, then?'

'I never told her I expected. . . . Besides, in any case, my father would have to be advised, and without his consent, really. . . . Certain decisions are too serious to be. . . . Certainly I admire Miss Lucy. . . . But I thought . . . the custom of these islands. . . .'

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Barton cut his explanations short.

'Lucy!' he bellowed.

The young girl came running.

'Please make him explain,' said the puzzled father. 'I don't understand a word he says.'

Lucy looked at Charles, her eyes full of love and trust. Charles decided that she was a little monster of calculation, of perfidy, and of dissimulation. He felt the jaws closing upon him. His outraged vanity gave him courage, and he said brusquely to the young girl:

'Mademoiselle, did I ever pronounce the word marriage to you? Did I ever tell you that I wished to marry you?'

Lucy turned deadly pale.

'I understood you were offering me your hand. You told me your destiny was at my feet. Naturally. . . .'

'Did you say this?' interrupted Barton in a terrible voice.

The giant had turned a dusky red. Patrick had risen to his feet and was coming Cabert's way slowly, with an expression on his face that boded no good to the stranger from Paris. Charles looked at the two, and felt himself exactly in the position of a sparrow between two birds of prey. Neverthe-

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less, he pulled himself together, even attempted a smile, and replied:

‘Mademoiselle, I ask your pardon, if you insist upon it. But it certainly seems to me that, for a phrase without any importance, you have inflicted a rather singular scene upon me.’

‘Ah!’ was all poor Lucy could find to say.

She put her hand to her heart and fell back in an arm-chair. But she did not faint. Barton pushed Patrick, who had stopped face to face with Charles, with just what intention will never be known, to one side,

‘Monsieur Cabert,’ said the seal merchant, ‘you have tried to deceive an honest girl. That is not done in our country, and I don’t believe the law of God allows it anywhere. Just suppose, now, that I, who am Lucy’s father, and Patrick, who is her brother, were to tie Mr. Charles Cabert hand and foot, fasten two stones of eighty pounds each to him, carry him into a boat, and sink him two miles out at sea? What would Mr. Charles Cabert have to say about it?’

Charles was courageous; nevertheless his feelings as he listened to this proposal were disagreeable ones. He answered in a rather shaky voice:

‘Mr. Barton, if you do this you know well enough

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that the officer commanding the French naval station will not be long in demanding an explanation.'

'Dear Mr. Cabert,' observed the terrible father, 'you must be joking. Your officer won't be here for another year, and I should very much like to know by what means he will ever hear of your sad fate. No, no! You are in our hands, monsieur! . . . Pah! If I don't set my heel on you, it's because you're not worth it and because I am a better man than you.'

At this point the door opened, revealing Mr. John. In view of Cabert's antipathy for the old schoolmaster, his arrival at this juncture was the crowning humiliation. He was forced once more to listen to Barton, while he stated the case to the newcomer, in very crude terms and giving his guest credit for the worst intentions. I am really not sure that Cabert's designs had gone to the lengths that Barton lent them. If not, it was all the more unpleasant to hear them exposed in such merciless fashion. There is no knowing to what defiance Charles's despair might have driven him, when Mr. John interposed.

'My dear Barton — my dear Lucy,' cried the schoolmaster, and, as he spoke, the smile upon his

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face, ordinarily so sombre, would alone have commanded respect, 'how can you, seriously, have misunderstood a compliment, so very characteristic of his nation, and offered in all good faith by this excellent young man? How can you have believed him capable of an action so black-hearted, so contrary to all laws of hospitality, as that for which you give him the discredit?'

'But,' cried Barton, 'haven't you just heard? . . .'

'I heard everything. But, Barton, you are an absolute savage! Miss Lucy, dear child, come! Have a little common sense!'

He took the poor child's hand as he spoke, and kept it a little while in his, gazing fixedly into her eyes meantime. Then he continued his plea:

'To consider a young man a criminal who says to a woman, "my heart is at your feet" . . . "I offer you my heart" . . . and a thousand whims of that sort, shows one thing clearly. You haven't the slightest idea of the way people talk to one another in society.'

'To the devil with society!' cried Barton angrily.

'Come, come, my child,' said Barton, patting Lucy's hand as he spoke, 'think back a little. . . . What did M. Cabert say to you, after all?'

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'Not much,' murmured the poor child in a smothered voice. 'Perhaps . . . after all . . . I misunderstood . . .'

As she hesitated over the last word, a great burst of tears made her hide her face in her handkerchief and leave the room, shaken with sobs. Patrick walked towards the window, drummed a moment on the pane, and followed his sister. Barton strode to and fro, stopped opposite Charles, and suddenly thrust out his hand.

'Monsieur Cabert,' said he, 'I ask your pardon. That child deceived herself and deceived me. That is all I can say to you. But as we are, frankly, unused to fine manners, and as it will not be pleasant for my Lucy to see you again, we would be just as obliged if you could see your way to leave us. You see, I am making no bones about it.'

'With all my heart!' said Charles.

He took the stairs in two bounds, packed his portmanteau, and crossed to the mainland that forenoon, still under the care of the odious Mr. John, who had become more hateful to him than ever. At Grande-Terre he found a schooner bound for Halifax, and from Halifax he returned to Europe.

He had neither killed nor seen a single head of

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caribou, but he had at least returned alive from the hospitality and snares of the horrible pirates of the New World, and it was years before he ceased to congratulate himself upon his escape. As for the stories he tells at his club about Miss Lucy, Mr. John, and old Harrison, hair-raising is the only word that does them justice.





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the Dog

How to Make the Best of Life

The Sanctuary of Montrigone

A Medieval Girls' School

Art in the Valley of Saas

Thought and Language

## 56. A POET'S PILGRIMAGE

by W. H. Davies

¶ *A Poet's Pilgrimage* recounts the author's impressions of his native Wales on his return after many years' absence. He tells of a walking tour during which he stayed in cheap rooms and ate in the small wayside inns. The result is a vivid picture of the Welsh people, the towns and countryside.

## 57. GLIMPSES OF UNFAMILIAR JAPAN. First Series

by Lafcadio Hearn

¶ Most books written about Japan have been superficial sketches of a passing traveller. Of the inner life of the Japanese we know practically nothing, their religion, superstitions, ways of thought. Lafcadio Hearn reveals something of the people and their customs as they are.

## 58. GLIMPSES OF UNFAMILIAR JAPAN. Second Series

by Lafcadio Hearn

¶ Sketches by an acute observer and a master of English prose, of a Nation in transition—of the lingering remains of Old Japan, to-day only a memory, of its gardens, its beliefs, customs, gods and devils, of its wonderful kindness and charm—and of the New Japan, struggling against odds towards new ideals.

## 59. THE TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO

Edited by Manuel Komroff

¶ When Marco Polo arrived at the court of the Great Khan, Peking had just been rebuilt. Kublai Khan was at the height of his glory. Polo rose rapidly in favour and became governor of an important district. In this way he gained first-hand knowledge of a great civilization and described it with astounding accuracy and detail.

## 60. SELECTED PREJUDICES. Second Series

by H. L. Mencken

¶ 'What a master of the straight left in appreciation! Everybody who wishes to see how common sense about books and authors can be made exhilarating should acquire this delightful book.'

*Morning Post*

## 61. THE WORLD'S BACK DOORS

by Max Murray

With an introduction by HECTOR BOLITHO

- ¶ This book is not an account so much of places as of people. The journey round the world was begun with about enough money to buy one meal, and continued for 66,000 miles. There are periods as a longshore man and as a sailor, and a Chinese guard and a night watchman, and as a hobo.

## 62. THE EVOLUTION OF AN INTELLECTUAL

by J. Middleton Murry

- ¶ These essays were written during and immediately after the Great War. The author says that they record the painful stages by which he passed from the so-called intellectual state to the state of being what he now considers to be a reasonable man.

## 63. THE RENAISSANCE

by Walter Pater

- ¶ This English classic contains studies of those 'supreme artists,' Michelangelo and Da Vinci, and of Botticelli, Della Robbia, Mirandola, and others, who 'have a distinct faculty of their own by which they convey to us a peculiar quality of pleasure which we cannot get elsewhere.' There is no romance or subtlety in the work of these masters too fine for Pater to distinguish in superb English.

## 64. THE ADVENTURES OF A WANDERER

by Sydney Walter Powell

- ¶ Throwing up a position in the Civil Service in Natal because he preferred movement and freedom to monotony and security, the author started his wanderings by enlisting in an Indian Ambulance Corps in the South African War. Afterwards he wandered all over the world.

## 65. 'RACUNDRA'S' FIRST CRUISE

by Arthur Ransome

- ¶ This is the story of the building of an ideal yacht which would be a cruising boat that one man could manage if need be, but on which three people could live comfortably. The adventures of the cruise are skilfully and vividly told.

## 66. THE MARTYRDOM OF MAN

by Winwood Reade

¶ 'Few sketches of universal history by one single author have been written. One book that has influenced me very strongly is *The Martyrdom of Man*. This "dates," as people say nowadays, and it has a fine gloom of its own; but it is still an extraordinarily inspiring presentation of human history as one consistent process.' *H. G. Wells in The Outline of History*

## 67. THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARK RUTHERFORD

With an introduction by H. W. MASSINGHAM

¶ Because of its honesty, delicacy and simplicity of portraiture, this book has always had a curious grip upon the affections of its readers. An English Amiel, inheriting to his comfort an English Old Crome landscape, he freed and strengthened his own spirit as he will his reader's.

## 68. THE DELIVERANCE

by Mark Rutherford

¶ Once read, Hale White [Mark Rutherford] is never forgotten. But he is not yet approached through the highways of English letters. To the lover of his work, nothing can be more attractive than the pure and serene atmosphere of thought in which his art moves.

## 69. THE REVOLUTION IN TANNER'S LANE

by Mark Rutherford

¶ 'Since Bunyan, English Puritanism has produced one imaginative genius of the highest order. To my mind, our fiction contains no more perfectly drawn pictures of English life in its recurring emotional contrast of excitement and repose more valuable to the historian, or more stimulating to the imaginative reader.' *H. W. Massingham*



70. ASPECTS OF SCIENCE. First Series  
by J. W. N. Sullivan

¶ Although they deal with different aspects of various scientific ideas, the papers which make up this volume do illustrate, more or less, one point of view. This book tries to show one or two of the many reasons why science may be interesting for people who are not specialists as well as for those who are.

71. MASTRO-DON GESUALDO

Giovanni Verga. Translated by D. H. Lawrence

¶ Verga, who died in 1922, is recognized as one of the greatest of Italian writers of fiction. He can claim a place beside Hardy and the Russians. 'It is a fine full tale, a fine, full picture of life, with a bold beauty of its own which Mr. Lawrence must have relished greatly as he translated it.' *Observer*

72. THE MISSES MALLETT

by E. H. Young

¶ The virtue of this quiet and accomplished piece of writing lies in its quality and in its character-drawing; to summarize it would be to give no idea of its charm. Neither realism nor romance, it is a book by a writer of insight and sensibility.

73. SELECTED ESSAYS. First Series

by Sir Edmund Gosse, C.B.

¶ 'The prose of Sir Edmund Gosse is as rich in the colour of young imagination as in the mellow harmony of judgment. Sir Edmund Gosse's literary kit-kats will continue to be read with avidity long after the greater part of the academic criticism of the century is swept away upon the lumber-heap.' *Daily Telegraph*

74. WHERE THE BLUE BEGINS

by Christopher Morley

¶ A delicious satirical fantasy, in which humanity wears a dog-collar.

'Mr. Morley is a master of consequent inconsequence. His humour and irony are excellent, and his satire is only the more salient for the delicate and ingenuous fantasy in which it is set.'

*Manchester Guardian*



## 76. CONFESSIONS OF A YOUNG MAN

by George Moore

¶ 'Mr. Moore, true to his period and to his genius, stripped himself of everything that might stand between him and the achievement of his artistic object. He does not ask you to admire this George Moore. He merely asks you to observe him beyond good and evil as a constant plucked from the bewildering flow of eternity.' *Humbert Wolfe*

## 77. THE BAZAAR. Stories

by Martin Armstrong

¶ 'These stories have considerable range of subject, but in general they are stay-at-home tales, depicting cloistered lives and delicate finely fibred minds. . . . Mr. Armstrong writes beautifully.' *Nation and Athenæum*

## 78. SIDE SHOWS. Essays

by J. B. Atkins

With an Introduction by JAMES BONE

¶ Mr. J. B. Atkins was war correspondent in four wars, the London editor of a great English paper, then Paris correspondent of another, and latterly the editor of the *Spectator*. His subjects in *Side Shows* are briefly London and the sea.

## 79. SHORT TALKS WITH THE DEAD

by Hilaire Belloc

¶ In these essays Mr. Belloc attains his usual high level of pungent and witty writing. The subjects vary widely and include an imaginary talk with the spirits of Charles I, the barber of Louis XIV, and Napoleon, Venice, fakes, eclipses, Byron, and the famous dissertation on the Nordic Man.

## 80. ORIENT EXPRESS

by John dos Passos

¶ This book will be read because, as well as being the temperature chart of an unfortunate sufferer from the travelling disease, it deals with places shaken by the heavy footsteps of History, manifesting itself as usual by plague, famine, murder, sudden death and depreciated currency. Underneath the book is an ode to railroad travel.

## 81. SELECTED ESSAYS. Second Series

by Sir Edmund Gosse, C.B.

- ¶ A second volume of essays personally chosen by Sir Edmund Gosse from the wide field of his literary work. One is delighted with the width of his appreciation which enables him to write with equal charm on *Wycherley* and on *How to Read the Bible*.

## 82. ON THE EVE

by Ivan Turgenev. Translated by Constance Garnett

- ¶ In his characters is something of the width and depth which so astounds us in the creations of Shakespeare. *On the Eve* is a quiet work, yet over which the growing consciousness of coming events casts its heavy shadow. Turgenev, even as he sketched the ripening love of a young girl, has made us feel the dawning aspirations of a nation.

## 83. FATHERS AND CHILDREN

by Ivan Turgenev. Translated by Constance Garnett

- ¶ 'As a piece of art *Fathers and Children* is the most powerful of all Turgenev's works. The figure of Bazarov is not only the political centre of the book, but a figure in which the eternal tragedy of man's impotence and insignificance is realized in scenes of a most ironical human drama.' *Edward Garnett*

## 84. SMOKE

by Ivan Turgenev. Translated by Constance Garnett

- ¶ In this novel Turgenev sees and reflects, even in the shifting phases of political life, that which is universal in human nature. His work is compassionate, beautiful, unique; in the sight of his fellow-craftsmen always marvellous and often perfect.

## 85. PORGY. A Tale

by du Bose Heyward

- ¶ This fascinating book gives a vivid and intimate insight into the lives of a group of American negroes, from whom Porgy stands out, rich in humour and tragedy. The author's description of a hurricane is reminiscent in its power.

## 86. FRANCE AND THE FRENCH

by Sisley Huddleston

¶ 'There has been nothing of its kind published since the War. His book is a repository of facts marshalled with judgment; as such it should assist in clearing away a whole maze of misconceptions and prejudices, and serve as a sort of pocket encyclopædia of modern France.' *Times Literary Supplement*

## 88. CLOUD CUCKOO LAND. A Novel of Sparta

by Naomi Mitchison

¶ 'Rich and frank in passions, and rich, too, in the detail which helps to make feigned life seem real.' *Times Literary Supplement*

## 89. A PRIVATE IN THE GUARDS

by Stephen Graham

¶ In his own experiences as a soldier Stephen Graham has conserved the half-forgotten emotions of a nation in arms. Above all he makes us feel the stark brutality and horror of actual war, the valour which is more than valour, and the disciplined endurance which is human and therefore the more terrifying.

## 90. THUNDER ON THE LEFT

by Christopher Morley

¶ 'It is personal to every reader, it will become for every one a reflection of himself. I fancy that here, as always where work is fine and true, the author has created something not as he would but as he must, and is here an interpreter of a world more wonderful than he himself knows.' *Hugh Walpole*

## 91. THE MOON AND SIXPENCE

by Somerset Maugham

¶ A remarkable picture of a genius.

'Mr. Maugham has given us a ruthless and penetrating study in personality with a savage truthfulness of delineation and an icy contempt for the heroic and the sentimental.' *The Times*

## 92. THE CASUARINA TREE

by W. Somerset Maugham

- ¶ Intensely dramatic stories in which the stain of the East falls deeply on the lives of English men and women. Mr. Maugham remains cruelly aloof from his characters. On passion and its culminating tragedy he looks with unmoved detachment, ringing the changes without comment and yet with little cynicism.

## 93. A POOR MAN'S HOUSE

by Stephen Reynolds

- ¶ Vivid and intimate pictures of a Devonshire fisherman's life. 'Compact, harmonious, without a single—I won't say false—but uncertain note, true in aim, sentiment and expression, precise and imaginative, never precious, but containing here and there an absolutely priceless phrase. . . .' *Joseph Conrad*

## 94. WILLIAM BLAKE

by Arthur Symons

- ¶ When Blake spoke the first word of the nineteenth century there was none to hear it; and now that his message has penetrated the world, and is slowly re-making it, few are conscious of the man who first voiced it. This lack of knowledge is remedied in Mr. Symons' work.

## 95. A LITERARY PILGRIM IN ENGLAND

by Edward Thomas

- ¶ A book about the homes and resorts of English writers, from John Aubrey, Cowper, Gilbert White, Cobbett, Wordsworth, Burns, Borrow and Lamb, to Swinburne, Stevenson, Meredith, W. H. Hudson and H. Belloc. Each chapter is a miniature biography and at the same time a picture of the man and his work and environment.

## 96. NAPOLEON: THE LAST PHASE

by The Earl of Rosebery

- ¶ Of books and memoirs about Napoleon there is indeed no end, but of the veracious books such as this there are remarkably few. It aims to penetrate the deliberate darkness which surrounds the last act of the Napoleonic drama.

97. THE POCKET BOOK OF POEMS AND  
SONGS FOR THE OPEN AIR

Compiled by Edward Thomas

¶ This anthology is meant to please those lovers of poetry and the country who like a book that can always lighten some of their burdens or give wings to their delight, whether in the open air by day, or under the roof at evening ; in it is gathered much of the finest English poetry.

98. SAFETY PINS : ESSAYS

by Christopher Morley

With an Introduction by H. M. TOMLINSON

¶ Very many readers will be glad of the opportunity to meet Mr. Morley in the rôle of the gentle essayist. He is an author who is content to move among his fellows, to note, to reflect, and to write genially and urbanely ; to love words for their sound as well as for their value in expression of thought.

99. THE BLACK SOUL : A Novel

by Liam O'Flaherty

¶ '*The Black Soul* overwhelms one like a storm. . . . Nothing like it has been written by any Irish writer.' "Æ" in *The Irish Statesman*

100. CHRISTINA ALBERTA'S FATHER :

A Novel

by H. G. Wells

¶ 'At first reading the book is utterly beyond criticism ; all the characters are delightfully genuine.' *Spectator*  
'Brimming over with Wellsian insight, humour and invention. No one but Mr. Wells could have written the whole book and given it such verve and sparkle.' *Westminster Gazette*

102. THE GRUB STREET NIGHTS  
ENTERTAINMENTS

by J. C. Squire

¶ Stories of literary life, told with a breath of fantasy and gaily ironic humour. Each character lives, and is the more lively for its touch of caricature. From *The Man Who Kept a Diary* to *The Man Who Wrote Free Verse*, these tales constitute Mr. Squire's most delightful ventures in fiction ; and the conception of the book itself is unique.

### 103. ORIENTAL ENCOUNTERS

by Marmaduke Pickthall

- ¶ In *Oriental Encounters*, Mr. Pickthall relives his earlier manhood's discovery of Arabia and sympathetic encounters with the Eastern mind. He is one of the few travellers who really bridges the racial gulf.

### 105. THE MOTHER: A Novel

by Grazia Deledda

With an introduction by D. H. LAWRENCE

- ¶ An unusual book, both in its story and its setting in a remote Sardinian hill village, half civilized and superstitious. The action of the story takes place so rapidly and the actual drama is so interwoven with the mental conflict, and all so forced by circumstances, that it is almost Greek in its simple and inevitable tragedy.

### 106. TRAVELLER'S JOY: An Anthology

by W. G. Waters

- ¶ This anthology has been selected for publication in the 'Travellers' Library from among the many collections of verse because of its suitability for the traveller, particularly the summer and autumn traveller, who would like to carry with him some store of literary provender.

### 107. SHIPMATES: Essays

by Felix Riesenbergh

- ¶ A collection of intimate character portraits of men with whom the author has sailed on many voyages. The sequence of studies blends into a fascinating panorama of living characters.

### 108. THE CRICKET MATCH

by Hugh de Selincourt

- ¶ Through the medium of a cricket match the author endeavours to give a glimpse of life in a Sussex village. First we have a bird's-eye view at dawn of the village nestling under the Downs; then we see the players awaken in all the widely different circumstance of their various lives, pass the morning, assemble on the field, play their game, united for a few hours, as men should be, by a common purpose—and at night disperse.

**109. RARE ADVENTURES AND PAINFULL  
PEREGRINATIONS (1582-1645)**

by William Lithgow

Edited, and with an Introduction by B. I. LAWRENCE

- ¶ This is the book of a seventeenth-century Scotchman who walked over the Levant, North Africa and most of Europe, including Spain, where he was tortured by the Inquisition. An unscrupulous man, full of curiosity, his comments are diverting and penetrating, his adventures remarkable.

**110. THE END OF A CHAPTER**

by Shane Leslie

- ¶ In this, his most famous book, Mr. Shane Leslie has preserved for future generations the essence of the pre-war epoch, its institutions and individuals. He writes of Eton, of the Empire, of Post-Victorianism, of the Politicians. . . . And whatever he touches upon, he brilliantly interprets.

**111. SAILING ACROSS EUROPE**

by Negley Farson

With an Introduction by FRANK MORLEY

- ¶ A voyage of six months in a ship, its one and only cabin measuring 8 feet by 6 feet, up the Rhine, down the Danube, passing from one to the other by the half-forgotten Ludwig's Canal. To think of and plan such a journey was a fine imaginative effort and to write about it interestingly is no mean accomplishment.

**112. MEN, BOOKS AND BIRDS—Letters to a friend**

by W. H. Hudson

With Notes, some Letters, and an Introduction by  
MORLEY ROBERTS

- ¶ An important collection of letters from the naturalist to his friend, literary executor and fellow-author, Morley Roberts, covering a period of twenty-five years.

**113. PLAYS ACTING AND MUSIC**

by Arthur Symons

- ¶ This book deals mainly with music and with the various arts of the stage. Mr. Arthur Symons shows how each art has its own laws, its own limits; these it is the business of the critic jealously to distinguish. Yet in the study of art as art, it should be his endeavour to master the universal science of beauty.



## 114. ITALIAN BACKGROUNDS

by Edith Wharton

- ¶ Mrs. Wharton's perception of beauty and her grace of writing are matters of general acceptance. Her book gives us pictures of mountains and rivers, monks, nuns and saints.

## 115. FLOWERS AND ELEPHANTS

by Constance Sitwell. With an Introduction by E. M. Forster

- ¶ Mrs. Sitwell has known India well, and has filled her pages with many vivid little pictures, and with sounds and scents. But it is the thread on which her impressions are strung that is so fascinating, a thread so delicate and rare that the slightest clumsiness in definition would snap it.

## 116. THE MOON OF THE CARIBBEES: and Other Plays of the Sea

by Eugene O'Neill. With an Introduction by St. John Ervine

- ¶ 'Mr. O'Neill is immeasurably the most interesting man of letters that America has produced since the death of Walt Whitman.' *From the Introduction.*

## 117. BETWEEN EARTH AND SKY. Stories of Gypsies

by Konrad Bercovici. With an Introduction by A. E. Coppard

- ¶ Konrad Bercovici, through his own association with gypsies, together with a magical intuition of their lives, is able to give us some unforgettable pictures of those wanderers who, having no home anywhere, are at home everywhere.

## 118. THE HOUSE WITH THE GREEN SHUTTERS

by George Douglas. With an Introduction by J. B. Priestley

- ¶ This powerful and moving story of life in a small Scots burgh is one of the grimmest studies of realism in all modern fiction. The author flashes a cold and remorseless searchlight upon the backbitings, jealousies, and intrigues of the townsfolk, and his story stands as a classic antidote to the sentimentalism of the kailyard school.



## 119. FRIDAY NIGHTS

by Edward Garnett

¶ Of *Friday Nights* a *Times* reviewer wrote: 'Mr. Garnett is "the critic as artist," sensitive alike to elemental nature and the subtlest human variations. His book sketches for us the possible outlines of a new humanism, a fresh valuation of both life and art.'

## 120. DIVERSIONS IN SICILY

by Henry Festing Jones

¶ Shortly before his sudden and unexpected death, Mr. Festing Jones chose out *Diversions in Sicily* for reprinting in the 'Travellers' Library from among his three books of mainly Sicilian sketches and studies. The publishers hope that the book, in this popular form, will make many new friends. These chapters, as well as any that he wrote, recapture the wisdom, charm, and humour of their author.

## 121. DAYS IN THE SUN: A Cricketer's Book.

by Neville Cardus ('Cricketer' of the *Manchester Guardian*).

¶ These sketches were first published in *A Cricketer's Book* (1922) and in *Days in the Sun* (1924), they have now been revised for re-issue in *The Travellers' Library*. The author says 'the intention of this book is modest – it should be taken as a rather freely compiled journal of happy experiences which have come my way on our cricket fields.'

## 122. COMBED OUT

by F. A. Voigt

¶ This account of life in the army in 1917–18 both at home and in France is written with a telling incisiveness. The author does not indulge in an unnecessary word, but packs in just the right details with an intensity of feeling that is infectious.

123. CONTEMPORARIES OF MARCO POLO  
edited by Manuel Komroff

¶ This volume comprises the Travel Records in the Eastern parts of the world of William of Rubruck (1253-1255), the Journey of John of Pian de Carпинi (1245-1247), the Journey of Friar Odoric (1318-1330), the Oriental Travels of Rabbi Benjamin of Tudela (1160-1173). They describe the marvels and wonders of Asia under the Khans.

124. TENNYSON  
by Hugh I'Anson Fausset

¶ Mr. Fausset speaks of Tennyson on his deathbed as 'the monument of the conscience and the poetry of more than half a century,' and his study of his qualities as poet, man, and moralist is by implication a study of some of the predominant characteristics of the Victorian age. His book, however, is as pictorial as it is critical, being woven, to quote *The Times*, 'like an arras of delicate colour and imagery.' It has been revised for issue in 'the Travellers' Library' and a new preface added.

125. CAPTIVES OF TIPU: SURVIVORS' NARRATIVES  
edited by A. W. Lawrence

¶ Three records of heroic endurance, which were hitherto unobtainable at a reasonable price. In addition to the well-known stories of Bristow and Scurry, a soldier and a seaman, who were forcibly Mohammedanized and retained in the service of Mysore till their escape after ten years, extracts are given from an officer's diary of his close imprisonment at Seringapatam.

126. MEMOIRS OF A SLAVE-TRADER  
by Theodore Canot. Set down by Brantz Mayer  
and now edited by A. W. Lawrence

¶ In 1854 a cosmopolitan adventurer, who knew Africa at the worst period of its history, dictated this sardonic account of piracy and mutiny, of battles with warships or rival traders, and of the fantastic lives of European and half-caste slavers on the West Coast.

## 127. BLACK LAUGHTER

by Llewelyn Powys. Author of *Ebony and Ivory*, etc.

¶ *Black Laughter* is a kind of *Robinson Crusoe* of the continent of Africa. Indeed, Llewelyn Powys resembles Daniel Defoe in the startlingly realistic manner in which he conveys the actual feelings of the wild places he describes. You actually share the sensations of a sensitive and artistic nature suddenly transplanted from a peaceful English village into the heart of Africa.

## 128. THE INFORMER

by Liam O'Flaherty. Author of *Spring Sowing*, etc.

¶ This realistic novel of the Dublin underworld is generally conceded to be Mr. O'Flaherty's most outstanding book. It is to be produced as a film by British International Pictures, who regard it as one of the most ambitious of their efforts.

## 129. THE BEADLE. A novel of South Africa

by Pauline Smith. Author of *The Little Karoo*

¶ 'A story of great beauty, and told with simplicity and tenderness that makes it linger in the memory. It is a notable contribution to the literature of the day.' *Morning Post*.

## 130. FISHMONGER'S FIDDLE. Short Stories

by A. E. Coppard. Author of *The Black Dog*, *Silver Circus*, etc.

¶ 'In definite colour and solid strength his work suggests that of the old Dutch Masters. Mr. Coppard is a born story-teller.' *Times Literary Supplement*.

★

### Note

*The Travellers' Library* is now published as a joint enterprise by Jonathan Cape Ltd. and William Heinemann Ltd. The new volumes announced here to appear during the summer of 1929 include those to be published by both firms. The series as a whole or any title in the series can be ordered through booksellers from either Jonathan Cape or William Heinemann. Booksellers' only care must be not to duplicate their orders.









